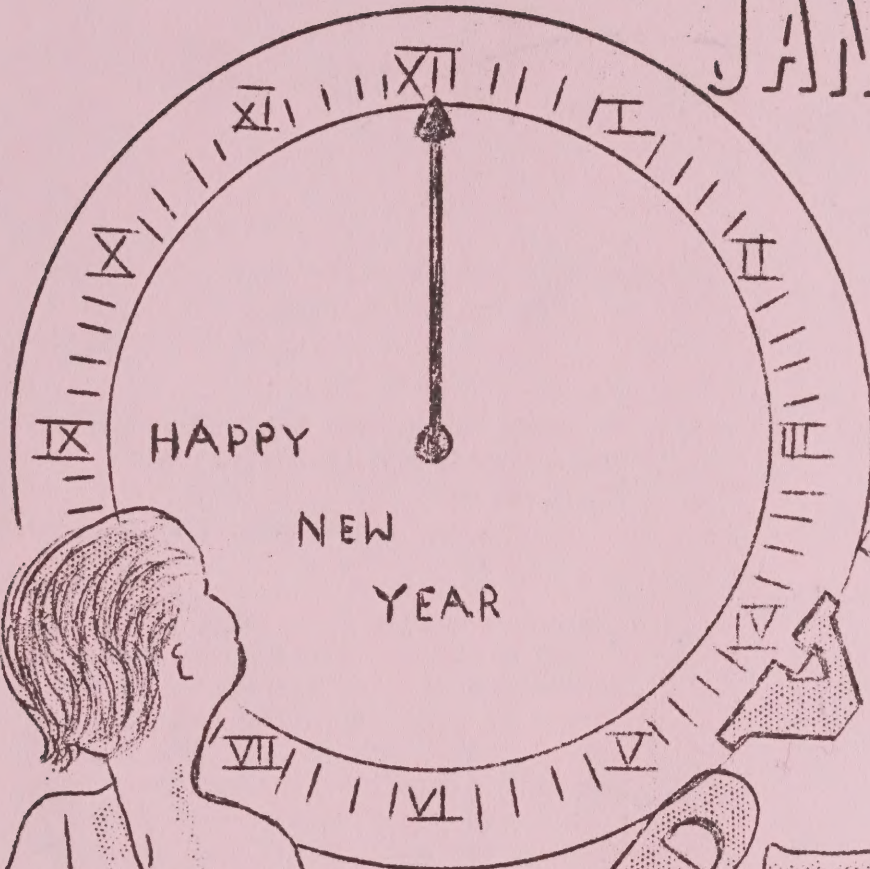


JP C/m ✓

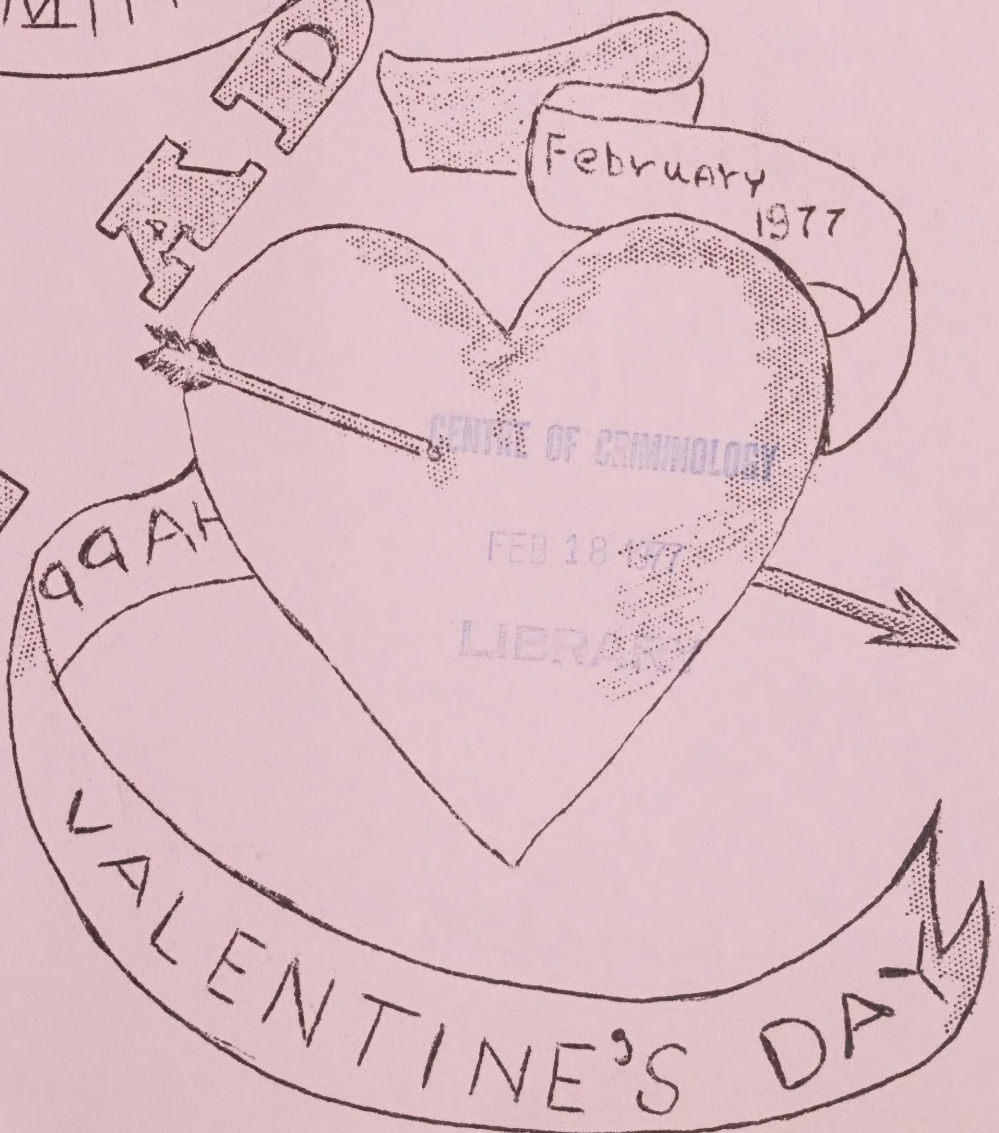
JAN - FEB



AND



THE





ADVANCE

The Advance is published by the Inmates of the Joyceville Institution at Kingston, Ontario.

Opinion expressed herein are those of the Author indicated and do not always agree with those of the Advance staff or the Administration.

We of the Advance, try to provide a means of communication between the Inmates of Joyceville Institution and the Administration, as well as the General Public. Our aim is to provide an outlet for expression of ideas and concepts and attempt to inspire and encourage creativity from our readers.

Reprinting of any article contained herein is granted, (unless noted under heading of article,) providing that credit is given to the Author and the source of Publication.

ADDRESS ALL ENQUIRES TO:

THE EDITOR:  
ADVANCE  
P.O. BOX 880  
KINGSTON, ONTARIO  
K7L 4X9

\*\*\*\*\*

BY PERMISSION  
OF DIRECTOR  
MR CHITTY  
ACTING DIRECTOR/ MR.C.McQUAIDE  
\*\*\*\*\*

MR L.LATIMER  
H.S.D.

\*\*\*\*\*

EDITOR:

NICHOLAS PADULA:

\*\*\*\*\*

CONTRIBUTING ARTICLES

CHUCK ARMSTRONG--R.O'CONNOR--JAY JONES  
DON NIELSON--V.R.NEVERSON  
JAMES NORDHEIM--(FARMER) BILL FULLER  
JOHN HUNTER  
JOSIE TWOMNEY

\*\*\*\*\*

COVER-CARTOONS

ILLUSTRATIONS:

BY

N.PADULA

\*\*\*\*\*

MR KEN BOONE

LIAISON OFFICER

\*\*\*\*\*



# INTRODUCTION

Well here it is, time for another printing of the Advance. December had been a hectic month, with all the movies, Family Day, Christmas goodies ect.... I wonder just where I find the time to get news for the Advance....

The December issue was kind of hard for an old man like me but it got through without too much hassel from the front.

This issue, January-February, should give you readers a little choice as I asked and received quite a lot of material from the men here at Joyceville. I am glad that the men are taking an interest in the Advance,

Just to mention a few who appear in this issue... James Nordheim sends in an article on "ZEN". As you know, Jim has been trying to get a program started here at Joyceville since his arrival on "ZEN". You can learn to discipline your mind through thought concentration. Jim gives a good rundown on "ZEN" and we hope that before long he can start this program. Keep in touch with Jim if you are interested...I'm sure Jim will do all he can for you.....

Another article by R.O'Connor, is well written in "The Pilgram and the Grizz". On the comic side, it should be good reading for the young and old.

Two new writers for this month, V.R.Neverson and OJay Jones express their feelings through writings...E Neverson in, (RAMBLINGS) and Jones in (UNDERSTANDING OF ONESELF.) These are the first for each of these two men.

Another upcoming aspiring writer, (DON NIELSON) in his (PUNISHMENT and SUFFERING) gives the reader the outlook of prison life and how the Inmate suffers and what society can expect and what should be done to improve the condition in and out of prison....

Chuck Armstrong, who is no new-comer to the penal press, has had many articles published in the outside Free Press and Magazines, gives the readers an inside look at how the Inmates live and enjoy being in Prison in his version of the "GOOD LIFE", very hilarious.. You will enjoy it....

JOHN HUNTER ALSO WRITES ON PRISON..(DO PRISON CAUSE PEOPLE TO BECOME CRIMINALS?) well written....

Most Editors of a Penal Press adhere to their policy of "WRITTEN AND PRODUCED BY THE INMATES." On the other hand one comes across an article of interest from the outside world. One such item came to me from a wonderful young lady, JOSIE TWOMNEY. " DOING TIME ON THE OUTSIDE---THE PRISON WIDOW." Josie projects her feelings and thoughts in expressing the true facts and plights of those confined in and out of the Penal System. The Advance welcomes Josie's article and will continue to encourage our readers to write us and send articles.

And of course, some good reading from the Editor's Scrapbook.... These and much more good reading in this issue of the Advance.. The Advance is very appreciative to these men and women and we hope they continue to send their articles.

If you want to see your stories printed...just write us.

LETS MAKE THE ADVANCE THE BEST READING PUBLICATION IN THE PENAL PRESS.

Now sit back..relax...and enjoy the ADVANCE.....

Nick...Editor.



# EDITORIAL by nick podula

In every normal, human life there are four sides that must be filled to satisfy the complex requirements of a natural existence. A man must have work; he must have an avocation; he must have social intercourse with his fellow man, and he must have physical exercise, essential to his health. Whether a man's life is lived in a free world or within the walls of an institution, his needs are the same. The four-fold life is a balanced life, and the balanced life is a useful and productive one.

The first of the four basic drives common to all men is work. There are those, of course who say they have worked, but that may be a matter of terminology. When we are doing something we thoroughly enjoy, we often fail to look upon it as work.

A man works for one or possibly all of three reasons. He works to satisfy a creative urge, to establish independence, or simply because he likes what he is doing.

In institutional life, work can be and often is boring and repetitious. That this is so is unfortunate for the man and for the interests of those trying to rehabilitate him.

Work is as necessary to man's happiness and moral as food and drink are to bodily health. It only achieves its purpose, however, when it is felt by the worker to be useful and worthwhile. Any job that leads to promotion increased prestige and self-respect is worthwhile, but jobs that are merely tasks leading nowhere are nothing but drudgery. In institutional life, the greatest need is for more adequate facilities training. Once a man's aptitude and ability have been determined, upon admission, it should be possible to place him immediately in line for the particular type of work in which he is best suited. Both shop work and classroom instruction should be always available to him.

Over the period of years which a man spends waiting release, his interest and occupation in his work should provide a powerful factor in overcoming any tendencies to anti-social thinking that might arise. The habits acquired the feeling of personal achievement and self-reliance are all lasting and worthwhile assets in the making of a new life.

How successful he will be, of course, in finding and maintaining that new life will depend entirely upon the thoroughness of the institution's rehabilitation plan as well as upon the sincerity of his own desire to benefit by it. One thing we know, that unless the plans of the institution include a graduated system whereby a man is conditioned to release by slowly increasing his privileges and the extent of his liberty until at the time of release, he is accustomed to responsibility and trust he will surely fail.

Only those who never experienced the drugging lethargy, the hopeless and demoralizing influence of years of constant supervision and deprivation of freedom can possibly believe that a man so inflicted could revert instantly to normal living, by the simple expediency of opening a gate and thrusting him out. That these simple truths are being more widely known and steps are being taken for sympathetic consideration of ways and means to accomplish much that is necessary along these lines, we know and appreciate. Perhaps before long, institutional life may offer much greater hope to those whose vision lies beyond the Walls among the free.....

In every normal, human life there are four things that must be done to satisfy the complex requirements of a normal existence. A man must have work; he must have an occupation; he must have social intercourse with his fellow men; and he must have physical exercise, essential to his health. Whether a man's life is lived in a free world or within the walls of an institution, his needs are the same. The four-fold life is a balanced life, and the balanced life is a useful and productive one.

The first of the four basic drives common to all men is work. There are those of course who say they have worked, but that may be a matter of terminology. When we are doing something we thoroughly enjoy, we often fail to look upon it as work.

A man works for one or possibly all of three reasons. He works to satisfy a creative urge, to establish independence, or simply because he likes what he is doing.

In institutional life, work can be and often is boring and repetitive. That this is so is unfortunate for the man and for the interests of those trying to rehabilitate him.

Work is as necessary to man's happiness and moral as food and drink are to bodily health. It only achieves its purpose, however, when it is felt by the worker to be useful and worthwhile. Any job that leads to no action increased prestige and self-respect is worthless, but jobs that are merely tasks leading nowhere are nothing but drudgery. In institutional life, the greatest need is for more adequate facilities training. Once a man's aptitude and ability have been determined, upon admission, it should be possible to place him immediately in line for the particular type of work in which he is best suited. Both shop work and classroom instruction should be always available to him.

Over the period of years which a man spends waiting release, his interest and occupation in his work should provide a powerful factor in overcoming any tendencies to anti-social thinking that might arise. The habits acquired the feeling of personal achievement and self-reliance are all lasting and worthwhile assets in the making of a new life.

How successful he will be, of course, in finding and maintaining that new life will depend entirely upon the thoroughness of the institution's rehabilitation plan as well as upon the sincerity of his own desire to benefit by it. One thing we know, that unless the plan of the institution includes a graduated system whereby a man is conditional to release by slowly increasing his privileges and the extent of his liberty until at the time of release, he is accustomed to responsibility and trust he will surely fail.

Only those who have experienced the dragging lethargy, the hopelessness and demoralizing influence of years of constant supervision and deprivation of freedom can possibly believe that a man's interest could revert instantly to normal living, by the simple expedient of opening a gate and throwing him out. That these aims are being more widely known and steps are being taken for systematic consideration of ways and means to accomplish that is necessary along these lines, we know and appreciate. Perhaps, however, institutional life may offer much greater hope to those whose stations lie beyond the walls than the free world.

## JUSTICE - CANADIAN STYLE

by Chuck Armstrong

Anyone who has been through the criminal justice system in Canada must recognize the lady in the blindfold with the scales of justice in her hand for just what she is - a very very loose woman...

There is no such a thing as impartial justice in Canada, and what we have doesn't even come close. The odds heavily favour the police and crown attorney because of the manpower and resources available to them. An accused person who maintains his innocence isn't assigned a police detective to look into his side of things - why not?

And when you get to court? Care is taken that everything is done and said in a proper and dignified manner, but no one seems to care if every second word is perjury, as long as it's said properly! It's not the truth being sought, it's a conviction or an acquittal, and, because of the manpower and resources previously mentioned being available to the crown and police, it's their version of justice that usually prevails in the courtroom.

After a conviction is registered, what then? Does the main item of concern shift then to restoring the property or cash to the victim if a robbery has taken place? That would be justice wouldn't it? Seeing the victim restored with his property by the accused person? Not Canadian justice! No! We've got to show this guy not to rob our citizens and we'll throw him in prison for a year or two, that'll teach 'em.

There are two kinds of punishment an offender can be sentenced too. He can be required to follow a program of restitution on the outside while on probation - an ideal type of program because it's a learning experience of a positive nature because he meets and gets to know his victim and the human element involved in his offence.

The other kind of punishment of course is prison and this seems to be the most popular among the police, judges and government authorities. It's the negative kind of punishment because if an offender learns anything while in prison it's more than likely how to commit a bigger 'score' when he's released. It's a dehumanizing costly approach that doesn't do much good for anyone, including the victim. Why then is it so commonly used? Is it because of the self-righteous feelings of those involved in the sentencing process? Do a certain number of persons have to be sent to prison every year to stabilize the prison industry? Why are so many persons in Canada locked up for non-violent offences when they could be on the outside helping themselves and their victims without any cost to the taxpayer - even a big saving.

Is the crime of punishment worth the price we pay??

"NINE IRISHMEN."

THE

EDITOR'S SCRAPBOOK

Perhaps the greatest and most astounding reformation of first offenders the world has ever known happened within the young Irish Disorders, In Ireland, in 1848, when nine-irishmen were captured and convicted of Treason against Her Majesty, The Queen. John Mitchell, Thomas McGee, Richard O'Gorman, Morris Lyenne, Charles Duffey, Terrance McManus, Patrick Donahue, Thomas Meger and Michael Ireland, ALL WERE SENTENCED TO DEATH!!!

Passionate protests from all over the world forced Queen Victoria to commute the sentences to transprotation to the far wilds of Australia.

In 1874, word reached the astounded Queen that Sir Charles Duffy, who had just been elected Prime Minister of Australia, was the same Charles Duffy who had been transported twenty-six years before. On the Queen's request, the records of the rest of the transported men were revealed and this is what was discovered:

Thomas Francis Meger---Governor of Montana.  
Terrence McManus---Brigadier General-U.S.Army.  
Patrick Donahue---Brigadier--U.S.Army  
Richard O'Gorman Governor of Newfoundland.  
Morris Lyenne---Attorney-General of Australia in which  
Officer Michael Ireland succeeded him.  
Thomas Darcy McGee, member of Parliment for Montreal  
and Minister of Agriculture.  
John Mitchell, a poaminent New York Politician (He was  
the Father of Mayor John Perry Mitchell.)

Such exceptional success in nine cases is of course almost miraculous, but the pages of history are full of the glorious deeds of men who have risen from the depths of prison. How many have become assets to society again after committing crime?

How many in prison today would become useful citizens if given a chance while still of an age and in health to work their way up if they tried to conform to the laws of society and the laws of God?

## PRISONS AND CRIMINALITY

by/ John Hunter

"Do prisons cause people to become Criminals?"

This is a question that society must answer as the primary cause is not one that is developed within prison. A person must commit a criminal act before being sent to a provincial jail or a federal penitentiary. It follows therefore that society as a group and as individuals must by example and education discourage unlawful acts if they wish to reduce the wages of crime.

Political chicanery and professional dishonesty is rampant. Storekeepers are plagued with thefts by the public as well as by employees, increased prices reflect this loss. Insurance companies are fair game for all and sundry, as is the income tax department. Our friends and neighbours boast they have escaped the consequences of lawbreaking by bribing a police officer or court official, have obtained extra amenities from a workman with some form of payola. Many run up the national medicare expense with unnecessary or picune complaints. They cry loudly about high prices, unbearable taxation, crime in the streets and on and on.

We are products of our environment, our children grow to maturity knowing little other than a life-style of criminality, petty or otherwise, their future lawbraeking is predictable and becomes only a matter of degree.

Canada's 9,000 odd federal convicts plus thousands of provincial prisoners will in all probability remain criminals as penal institutions are incapable of reform or rehabilitation as each inmate on their release returns to the invironment they evolved from.

Some time ago the Law Reform Society of Canada polled a large number of Ontario Judges and found that two-thirds of those polled admitted they conscientiously added time when sentencing as in their belief, "Parole and other types of early release were so easy to get". What a tragic nonsense!! Here we have a situation whereby 2 out of 3 Judges take an action that is in direct contradiction and an intolerable impairment to efforts put forth by parole boards and other interested persons within the penal system in their attempts to return imprisoned persons to their place in society. Yet all are paid by the public purse. Any wonder that the whole industry of apprehending criminals, policing costs, prison upkeep and related expenditure continue to grow? What other direction can it take?

The latest committee of inquiry into the penitentiary system in Canada will in all probability come up with various recommendations regarding prison reform and rehabilitation of the convict. It will come as no surprise should their findings be largely ignored as have recommendations of numerous commissions and committees in the past.

They as well as other enlightened individuals realize prison is not the answer to the goal of a lower national crime rate. This will only come when the vast majority of lawbreakers are required to pay for their lawlessness under supervision out of prison. The victims who are largely ignored at the present time, should be reimbursed for their loss, society repaid for supervisory costs. Restitution rather than revenge should be the aim of our courts, vicious and often lengthly imprisonment of the majority of non-violent criminals serves no useful purpose and creates numerous victims among their families who in turn become a burden on the state.

There are certain psycopaths, sexual offenders and violent misfits that must be incarcerated, none can dispute this fact. However, thousands of prisoners are not only grinding out a large portion of their lives in penal warehouses but by their very exposure to a prison community enhances future criminality.

The morality of Society is responsible for the growth and development of criminals within itself. Prisons have become the catchall rather than the cause.



The following letter appeared in the Kingston Whig-Standard on Wednesday, August, 13, 1975:

An Inmate Describes the "Good Life."

Sirs: I have written an open letter to Mrs Irene Mooney, one of Kingston's more aware citizens, who has recently been conducting campaigns to promote capital punishment and the more severe treatment of prisoners in federal penitentiaries.

I hope you might see your way clear to publishing it, ensuring that our side of the question is heard by the general population of the Kingston district.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Mrs Mooney: Many of us at Collins Bay have followed your campaigns on behalf of middle-class society in support of such things as capital punishment and cutting down somewhat on the 'good life' prisoners seem to be living inside these places, and I might say we respect if not applaud your efforts.

But of late, Mrs Mooney, conditions are becoming extremely onerous for us. Whether it's a result of your campaigns or because of the bad economic situation in general, I don't know.

We do feel, however, that you have made your point with the appropriate penitentiary administrators and would respectfully suggest that you might now like to concentrate your energy in other areas more appropriate at this time; such as air pollution, for example, which you could do wonders for in this district by not accepting and speaking engagements in the near future. If this does not appeal to you, the Ex-Premier of Newfoundland, Mr Smallwood, is now crossing Canada looking for support in his efforts to save the fishing industries in that province, and you could help by travelling with him and then stationing yourself in a remote Newfoundland outpost for a few years learning more about the problem.

Perhaps if I were to give you some examples of the hardships being endured in these places at this time you might take pity upon us and consider our recommendations.

Just last evening the refrigerated truck hauling our beer from the brewery broke down and we were stuck in our new movie theatre watching the premiere of a movie drinking warm beer.

A few weeks ago the guards at the institution walked out in protest and we were left with R.C.M.P. officers and soldiers who had no idea how to make our beds and clean out our rooms in the proper manner.

In the middle of the present heat wave our air-conditioning unit is malfunctioning, sometimes raising the temperature to the unprecedented level of 70 degree Fahrenheit.

Our gas-operated Bar-B-Que on the patio beside our Olympic-size swimming pool is only available during certain hours now due to the new higher price of natural gas; and, speaking of our swimming pool, the new cuts in the federal budget for penitentiaries won't allow the roofing to be completed this year, leaving us with the same old winter sports consisting of cross-country skiing, snowmobiling, curling, bob-sledding and hockey.

Along with the price increase in natural gas, aviation fuel has also increased cancelling the use of Hugh Diefner's private jet for those prisoners being transferred from institutions in one province to institutions in another.

The inmate running our thousand dollar a week lottery, a commuted lifer, was paroled this week after serving only three years of his sentence, and he must have been rehabilitated, because when he departed he absconded with the proceeds from this week's lottery.

Our hair styling salon has been under renovation for some time now and inmates wishing to have their hair shampooed and cut properly are unable to do so without the use of the equipment currently tied up in this construction.

Because of recent publicity at another area institution, our body-rub parlor has been closed, temporarily we hope. This negates much of the therapy of our new sauna baths.

The cost of ammunition on our pistol range has increased tremendously of late and not many men are able to obtain proper instruction in the use of firearms, making it more dangerous for them (and others) when handling weapons on the outside.

This month we did not receive the care package from our adopted foster child in Ecuador, so many of us are without tobacco, candy and coffee.

The poor docking facilities at our institution made it impossible for us to participate in the recent CCRK sailing events in the harbour.

Our new sound systems (Quad), when turned up in volume in neighbouring rooms, make it difficult for anyone to concentrate. And, unfortunately, the sound carries over our exercise yard causing our saddle horses to become terribly skittish on our regular Saturday and Sunday riding periods.

So you see, Mrs. Mooney, times are tough all over. And if perhaps, like President Nixon, you should relax your war on crime, then maybe we could all join hands and in the words of Mr. Nixon's successor, 'bite the bullet', and perhaps just pull through these tragic days. Therefore we plead with you to stop your harassment of prisoners until more opportune times arrive.

Chuck Armstrong  
Inmate  
Collins Bay Penitentiary.

# SCHOOL NEWS

During the day, if you wander down to the school-rooms, you will find quite a few men getting better educated through the institutions educational programs.

Under the direction of the Educational Supervisor, Mr Dunitz, Mr Doug Wood is doing a splended job of assisting the men to become more aware of the opportunities that lie in the field of education. Without an education,(chances of men incarcerated in institutions to adapt to the job placements on the outside) will only create problems for the men because of skills and education are required in most jobs that pay good in our fast growing society.

There are many opportunities through the programs that are available to the men here. Some are through University Correspondence Courses.

The "Upgrading Courses" are set up to upgrade ones educational level from grade 1 to grade 12. Some of the grades require time limits, but on the other hand if you want, you may finish the courses in shorter time periods.

Level 1 (Grade 1 to 4) time varies as to the students ability.

Level 2 (Grade 5 to 8) time required is 20 weeks.

Level 3 (Grade 9 to 10) time required is 32 weeks.

Level 4 (Grade 11 to 12) Time required is 32 weeks.

After completion of each level, except level 1, certificates are issued to the students and the time level is set by the St. Lawrence College Department.

Subjects that are taken in each level are:

Level 1 English & Math.

Level 2 English & Math

Level 3 English, Math & Science.

Level 4 English, Math, Physics & Chemistry.

Just how do you get started in the School Programs? SIMPLE!!!

cont next page.

Request to see Mr Dunitz or Mr Wood, explain that you want to further your education. They will give you an application test. This test is the "English & Mathematical Placement Test". After completion of this test, the student is placed in the program according to his test results. Then, each student is expected to work to the best of his ability.

Each student should find ample teacher help, there are three full-time teachers, one part-time teacher on staff. Doug Wood, Phil Litchfield, Bill Anderson and part-time teacher--Nina Marshall.(32 students are enrolled.)

There are also Post-Secondary Courses available to the men here, these are taken towards certain "Human Studies Certificates". The Post-Secondary Courses are now running through to April, with 25 students enrolled. Each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, teachers are available from St. Lawrence College to help in these Courses.

<u>MONDAY</u>	<u>TUESDAY</u>	<u>WEDNESDAY</u>	<u>FRIDAY</u>
PNO 4	SWO2 # 4	SO23	PS09
CRIM 2	SOC. WELFARE	SOC. OF DEVIANCE	INT. & COUNS.
(ABDENNUR)	(ALIA HOGBEN)	(CHERYL BAKER)	(ALIA HOGBEN)

The next applications for these courses will be available in April so if you are interested, Please contact either Mr Dunitz or Mr Wood from the Educational Department. You are never too old to gain more education.

# "PUNISHMENT & SUFFERING"

## don nielsen

The Canadian Penal System is designed in such a way as to insure the punishment of those of us who, in one way or another, break the law. I'm sure everyone has their own definition or idea of what law is so I will not bother to go into that. I would like to deal with one aspect of punishment that so many of us tend to hold within ourselves. That is, suffering, both physical and mental anguish, this suffering is one of those blind, brutal facts of life that cannot be ignored nor explained away. It is one aspect of life which must be confronted, understood and mastered. Too many individuals who have suffered and who are still suffering, one way or another, spend the remainder of their allotted years nursing their resentment rather than healing their hurts. Each and every individual experiences suffering, and pain, at least once in his life. No matter what kind of suffering it is everyone experiences it. But suffering also does something to human beings, it can either develop sensitivity and mold character or it can, if extended over a period of time, cause embitterment and resentment whereby it tends to destroy the character of the individual.

When an individual is suffering he naturally realizes that some sort of disorder is accruing either within the organism, causing physical pain, or within his usual environment, causing mental anguish. Either form of suffering is an urgent insistence that there is something wrong which had better be rectified.

There are presently thousands of individuals, across Canada, who are suffering, due to mistakes they have made, but, just the same, who feel they are suffering in excess. I'm speaking of Canada's inmate population. Yes, inmates, but still human beings. Of late, the government has introduced various new bills into legislation. These bills, rather than work towards the inmate re-integration into society, greatly increases the amount of punishment and thereby suffering allotted to the inmate. The present system tends to strip the inmate of all rights as well as his dignity and self-esteem. By increasing the the length of time an individual has to spend in prison one tends to increase his chances of suffering. This, in my opinion, may be the reason for the recent outbreak of destruction within the penal system. The inmate population, having no rights to begin with, have no way of showing just what occurs inside the prison walls, unless when all else fails, they resort to open defiance of the government. Speaking of the government, what ever happened to the results of the numerous committee investigations? I don't ever remember hearing any more about them. It makes one wonder about the present investigation.

Society and the people who make up society have no perception of what really occurs in a prison. They tend to read newspapers, magazines or whatever and accept things at face value. They do not understand, or want to understand, the "Behind the scenes", aspects of prison life. The suffering, the broken promises, the "Head" games which the inmate must cope with everyday over an extended period of time. The type of environment is not very pleasant. When this environment may go from bad to worse what alternatives does the inmate have? There are people who care, people who know what prison life is like, who are trying to bring about some type of reforms, but they are only a very small minority, and small minorities are very rarely successful. The end of suffering is a question of knowing whether better adjustments might be possible, better solutions to our problems, because inmate problems are invariably societies problems. To quote a radio commentator from British Columbia, "Society must be very careful and very aware of the inmates problems because on day the inmates will be released into society....."



## Doing Time on the Outside - The Prison Widow

by Josie Twomney

(Copyright Reserved 1976)

In describing in my mind over and over again the shock and horror of a courtroom sentencing that saw, against all advice and information given us, my husband given a ten-year sentence for a crime that yielded another more "co-operative" man eighteen months in a provincial reformatory, I saw a reality decending upon me--the wife left behind--as black and lonely as any period of mourning caused by death.

In those first few months of shock and numbness, in which you try through work and sleep, to deny the reality of such a lengthy and defined seperation, you finally realize that you've joined the ranks of those wives and mothers, the afterbirth of the courtroom conception, that weds your husband to the company of other men, that leaves you to go it alone.

For myself and several other prison widows I've talked to, the feeling is best described by a strange and solitary poetess, Emily Dickinson, in her poem My Life Closed Twice Before It's Close.

My life closed twice before its close;  
It yet remains to see  
If Immortality unveil  
A third event to me,

So huge, so hopeless to conceive,  
As these that twice befell;  
Parting is all we know of heaven,  
And all we need of hell.

We only begin to cope when we accept that a part of our life has closed, is truly over. We only start to give a shell-shocked existence essence when we accept that closing, and embryonically start a new kind of living.

Consider with me, if you will, the plight of the prison widow. Women, unless endowed with beauty, wealth, or unscrupulousness are essentially second class citizens to begin with. Studies of wages, social attitudes, employment inequalities ect...verify this point. "Criminals" (we are essentially not speaking of white collar criminals; they are societies success stories. We are speaking of blue collar criminals; you know the ones who don't have enough money, political clout, or family connections to buy their way out ) criminals are essentially viewed by the man on the street as an assortment of "losers, bums, deviants," In a society that gives primary status to the woman in terms of whom she has married, consider the status then of the wife of the above.



In a recent study conducted by W5, of the man-in-the-street's attitude towards capital punishment specifically and criminals generally, the majority of Judgements were harsh and punitive. As one immigrant Canadian from Britain succinctly put it, "Well I mean, we feed 'em and clothe 'em in nice warm, cosy jails, eh...with colour T.V. an everything; I haven't no colour T.V. me that's been working in this country twenty-seven years, and then we gotta support their wives and kids if you can call 'em that, they're not really married you know, shackled up they are so they can cheat welfare, and we're supporting 'em while their kids are growing up to be just like their fathers; no good lums." A Harsh and cruel sterotype you say? Indeed, but isn't that the way it is perceived by some. And so the companion sterotype for the woman married to the loser, bum, or deviant is one of a poor woman, unable to support her family, and therefore a burden on society. Emotionally and psychologically she is valued less, for what kind of a woman is she if she loves the likes of that?

Socially the wife of an inmate ( and I'm using the term wife to indicate the intimacy of the relationship, rather than a defined legal state ) is an oddity, unless she socializes primarilly with other men and women who understand or who have had criminal histories. But suppose she isn't, or can't, or doesn't want to be. A widow whose husband has died receives sympathy and attention when she re-enters social living as a single woman. People try generally, to include her, to invite her, to help her adjust to her new status. Unlike her sistered widow, the prison widow receives little or no sympathy, indulgence, and understanding. My personal experience and observation is that she is held in an uncomfortable disrespect by most straight, middle-class persons; she is held in contempt by some; and observed by others with kinky curiosity. Still others sensing the loneliness and vulnerability of the woman seeks to exploit and manipulate her. The least said about these kind of emotional, sexual and psychological predators, the better.

And so, is a society that advertises the couple as the ideal-from Labatt's commercials, to building that dream home together, to mutual retirement--the prison widow is an irritating and uncomfortable reminder of what is not ideal in society and relationships. The October Crisis should be a warning to all people that individual freedom in this country is on very fragile and precarious ground; but so many choose not to see. Women without men, we loom like the grim reaper exposing the plastic fabric of the great Canadian dream--that sorrow, seperation, aloneness and is the reality that does not go away no matter how much Tide, F.D.S. or Channel Number Five, we use--we represent you see, the human existential condition that North America tries so desparately to avoid admitting exists.

And for those of us who choose to stand by our husbands, for as many reasons as their are individuals within our ranks, we also serve his sentence--again and again, in missed opportunities, unshared moments, Christmases come and go without Dad. If we were army widows, or the wives of Prisoners of War we would be given some moral and social stature. On our side of the tracks however the sterotype prevails--they must be the activities of obsessive, insecure, social mal-contents. The individual story of courage or tragedy does not seem to matter. All yields to the sterotype. She is no better than that which she lives with. And the societal 'we' all know what he is.

The real questions are not asked. Is he innocent? Is he that guilty? Did he deserve that kind of sentence? Was the Crime real? Is there relationship there that could essentially be far more "rehabilitative"? Couldn't an alternative to incarceration be found?



The Canadian public ignorant consciously or unconsciously of white collar crimes, plea bargaining, the bureaucratic mess of the Federal penal system, alcoholic judges appointed for life, over-ambitious Crown Attornies, a non-functioning Bill of Rights, regional and provincial Judicial disparities, and the multiplicities and varying needs and inadequacies within the personalities of the offenders themselves--closes its ears and eyes to the real reality in this theatre of the absurd--that Society is a Reflection of Themselves. It says rather, and especially in a time of moral and economic uncertainty, "Lock away those parts of myself that I don't want to see or deal with."

The blight on the landscape are the children and women left behind, as reminders of the tragic waste of human potentiality and talent. And if as Christians and humanists Mr. and Mrs. Canada were to look and claim ownership they would see the faces of their own sons and daughters. They would see in the woman and children serving time outside the walls that we don't fit the stereotype. We're not all illiterate and socially inadequate. We probably read and study moral and political issues more than you. When the rest of Canada shocked at the infringement upon human rights of so many innocent during the October Crisis, we smiled, because we'd been there before through years of paroles revoked without appeals, paroles re-voked without explanation, parole denied because of suspicion; employment denied because of criminal record; pardons delayed because of bureaucratic bungling; dead time served; unnecessary and sadistic sentencing.

We are from all classes and occupations. We're mothers, nurses, home-makers, teachers, researchers, secretaries and former clerics. We are recognized by our awkward aloneness and our eyes..and if I may say it quietly in closing, by our own kind of courage and honesty. We are what we are as individuals and collectively, and I for one, am not apologetic. While I do not condone what my husband did or did not do, I can understand his frailty, avarice, or youth, his guilt or innocence. And I can understand that his frailty, avarice, youth, guilt or innocence exists in each one of us, and in me. I can also believe that as surely as I am capable of growth, cpmpassion, and humanity, he is capable of the same.

I am He.  
He is You.  
We are Society.

In times of troubled aloneness when the cruelty and purposelessness of our situation cripples I draw strength from the last line of John Milton's beautiful poem On His Blindness.

"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT."

(EDITOR'S NOTE) Josie Twomney is a Common-Law-Wife of one of our brother's here at Joyceville.

Josie, I'm sure that all our readers share the same feelings. My only wish is that you will find in your ideals, peace and an abundant of tranquilities. Your reward is in the coming.



(EDITORS SCRAPBOOK)

# TO SHARRON

Friendship is the sunshine  
That turns the sky to gold,  
Friendship is the fragrance  
A thousand blessings hold....

Friendship is the pathway that  
Leads to dreams come true;  
For friendship is the blessings  
Of knowing someone like you.....

F  
R  
I  
E  
N  
D  
S  
H  
I  
P

The value of true friends  
Cannot be measured on a chart;  
No scale on earth can weigh their worth  
Except the Human Heart.....

A friend is one who walks in

When the rest of the world walks out.....

DEATH OF A MOTORCYCLE OUTLAW.

Thundering power between your thighs  
Angry chrome and steel---  
Blasting defiance belching fire  
I know just how you feel....

Throttle open-blind with the wind  
The roar assaulting your ears---  
Throbbing with life at a hundred and ten  
The center line a smear....

No regulated programs  
You come and go as you like---  
Aside from the denims rotting on your back  
The only thing you own is your bike...

You may have had an old lady  
A long long time ago---  
But whatever came until now is past  
And the past you don't want to know...

Then came the night with the rainfall  
You'd ridden in rain before---  
But you'd never met that transport  
Nor cranked it 'til it'd open no more...

We're burying you with your colors  
And the parts of your Hawg we could save---  
Brothers numbering in the hundreds  
Have come to christen your grave....

You'll be with us at every party  
Beside us at every war---  
For you'll never have really died  
'til the last of us come through that door....

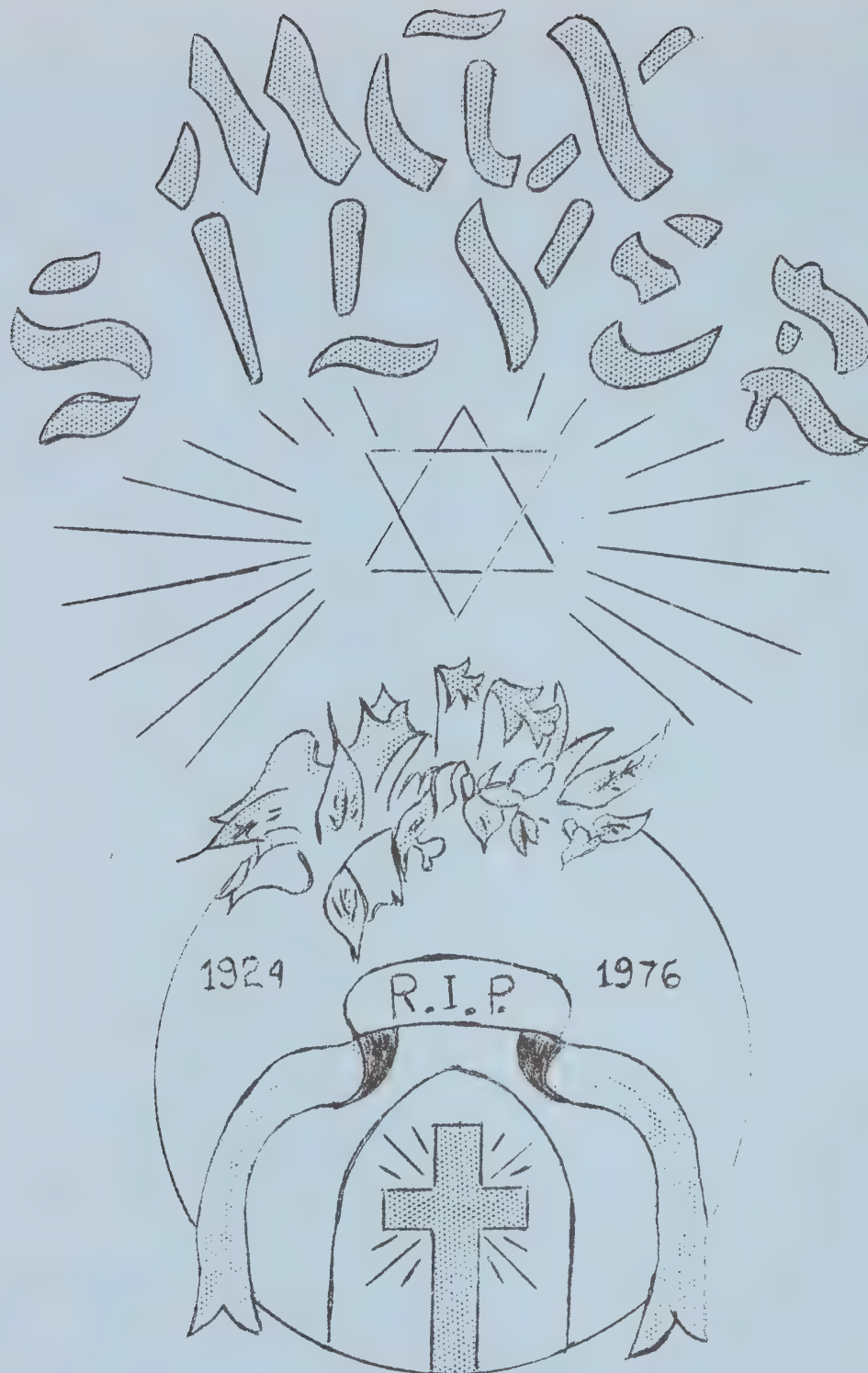
(Farmer) Bill Fuller  
O.M.M.C.

COMPOSITION OF LOVE.

Love is composed of little things,  
And yet it means so much;  
A smile, a sigh, a favorite song,  
A reassuring touch...

Love is a faith unchanged by time,  
A dream that's shared by two;  
And love for me is everything,  
Because my love is you.....





When on my day the evening shadows fall,  
I will go down to where a quiet river flows  
Into a sea from whence no man returns;  
And there embark for lands where life  
immortal grows.....

Rest in peace with God.

## MEMOIRS TO MAX

Now that Max Silver is deceased, we all know only too well how little control we can exercise when it's our time to depart. Still, when one like Max, who had the ability to make his presence felt, departs; there is inevitably, an uncomfortable space. A spiritual alignment that struggles with the subconscious, almost repressing the fact that truly, one among us has moved on.

I for one, have fond memories of the departed soul. A guy who was always good for a laugh or two, who would lend a helping hand where he could, and offer constructive criticism, ect...

I could go on, but Max was a guy that kept his speeches tight, then get to something else. Before I get to something else, let me say that I'm not entirely sorry to see the old guy go, In fact, I want to wish him every success in his future dealings with St. Peter and the others up there, in that big house in the Sky.

V.R. NEVERSON



The month of January is named after the Roman god Janus who was depicted as a man with two faces. The two faces each bearded, looking in opposite directions, was commonly depicted on early Roman coinage or on the portals of Roman structures as guardian and patron and as protector of entrances and departures.

Jesus was worshipped as God of beginnings...of the beginning of the year, the beginning of the month, the day; opening the gates of heaven to let out the morning, and closing them when day concluded. It is expressed that one face looked back in despair and the other looked ahead, expressing hope, anticipation and confidence.

The New Year calls us to leave the past behind and to press forward to those things which are before. Those things that yet await us. If each day for us is to be a day of hope it must be a day of thought. If it is to be a day of confidence and resolution it must be a day of examination.

The old year is behind us. Its record is made. We cannot change it but we can learn from it. We can get help from the old year's mistakes. History does not have to repeat itself. We do not have to go around in circles.

Last year there was much for which to be thankful. There were failures certainly but now we have an opportunity to improve upon the old and rejoice for a New Year. We can forget those things which are behind, and reach forth unto those things which are before. We can press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus (see Phillipians 3:14,15)

The Apostle Paul urged--'make most of the time...always and for everything giving thanks in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ to God the Father (see Ephesians 5:15,20)

Individually we have been entrusted with the precious gift of time. We can live creatively all our lives if we realize that we have only TODAY on which we can count.

A flower unblown--a book unread;  
A tree with fruit unharvested,  
A path untrod--a house whose rooms;  
Lack yet the hearts divine perfumes,  
A landscape whose wider border lies.  
In silent shade 'neath silent skies;  
A wonderous fountain yet unsealed;  
A jewel box with its gifts concealed,  
This is the year that for you waits;  
Beyond tomorrow's mystic gates....

Horatio Powers..



God Bless You in 1977.

Harry Hickson  
Chaplain ( The Salvation Army)





Each January there is a week of prayer for christian unity celebrated in all the Christian Churches throughout the world. The Roman Church and all the Christian Churches of the World Council of Churches unite for one week in praying, in study, and fellowship. In fact, the theme this year has been 'Enduring Together In Hope'.

Taken from the letter to the Romans, Chapter 5, this theme gives us a sense of believing in the Spirit. God being stronger than anything which may divide us.

For it is the Christian faith that nothing "can separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus, our Lord". Neither life, nor death, nor anything else in all creation.

So how can people of the Christian Churches be separated from one another if they are living the life of the love of God? Nothing can separate them from God in Christ.

In Joyceville Institution there was a joint Roman and Protestant service on Sunday, January 24. Chaplain Hughes and Chaplain Mitchell led in a special worship service. The guest preacher was Rev. Bob Votary of Sydenham, Ontario. Doug Booth and Aubrey Thomas participated in reading the scripture.

\*\*\*\*\*

A music therapy programme directed by professor and three advance students of Queen's University is beginning a limited programme of choral music training, Wednesday evenings from 7:00 to 8:00 p.m. This choir will sing religious and secular music. It will be both an institutional glee club and will sing at chapel services on Sunday mornings. Those interested please give your names to the Protestant Chaplain, Rev. Mitchell.... Thank You.



RAMBLINGS

by/ V.R. NEVERSON

Take life, there's not much to it...  
Just live, then die  
But what you do before you go;  
I want you to know:  
Could be so simple,  
Could be so sweet...  
'Cause only when you want too much, there's heat  
But listen, just for a moment, listen:

You surely got to Die one day  
What you've gained here, you cant take that way  
If you only live for pleasure;  
Or, if your life is only pain;  
Neither will last for ever,  
Nor, will come again!

Funny, but; simple things like sharing,  
Or, special things like caring,  
Even, deep, deep things, like loving  
Don't mean a thing to you, when you're gone...

Tell me why you have to steal, kill, rape and burn?  
Tell me of what use they'll be, when you are gone?  
Do you need all the things you're after?  
Don't you care when other people suffer?  
Or, why they are suffering,  
When life could be such an easy thing?

Give me one reason  
Please, not a rationalization  
Try to forget how it all begun  
We're here now, not back there then  
We can all stop it now  
If we all only try  
Not one woman, not one man  
But all of us together can!

Remember, we're all in this together  
Regardless of creed, race, or colour  
Clear the rubble from your paths  
Help your neighbours, cleanse your hearts  
Put peace before prosperity  
Then take a look, what do you see?  
What is that wonderful feeling from head to toe?  
Let's do it together, then, we'll all know.....

GETTING AN UNDERSTANDING OF ONESELF

BY/ OJay Jones.

Everybody knows life is supposed to be a game,  
But is it?

They say one day we all got to answer;  
and I know what mine will be....

Here I stand--accused of trying to enlighten your mind,  
on non-capitalistic ways, was that so bad a crime?

Outside my window sits Mr Big Oppression, little does he know,  
I've outlawed his standard of thought...

So here I sit, my mind is working:

I want to see changes, in fact I got to see changes,  
Its now or never.

Which way will I direct myself to this "Time" Inside,  
the feeling of doing wrong; is non-existent.

Its high time I get it all together.

I need help--badly, but don't ask me where I need it,  
cause I can't tell you.

I've stopped dreaming because dreams aren't realistic,  
and reality with me right now is tantamount.

"Everyday" I've got to work at finding and bettering  
my sub-conscious.

I'm trapped at present, mind, body and soul.

first things being first, I must free my mind,  
rid it of this criminalistic tendency, to hurt and  
maim others for my own welfare.

In order to accomplish this, I must work hard at  
re-programing it to the other side of the coin.

I must forget my past status on the outside world as well as  
my present, and concentrate on the future.....

# PENAL PRESS

Editor:  
Southern Breeze.

Reading your November-December issue, I came across an interesting item:

Your requirements for an Editor!

Your form requires a very intelligent, sound personality, broad interest and free of strong biases.

Its a shame you don't ask the same for the people who wrok for your paper or those who submit articles to the Southern Breeze.

I refer to one: Lorne Bruce:

In Bruce's cartoons, ( I'm getting sick of your impersonations,) this cartoon is a copyright of "Nick D'Amato"

Bruce's "One day at the Bullfights" also is a copy-right of "Don Martin Dept".

Both of these cartoonists write for Mad Magazine, Humor Cartoon, Cartoon Carnival and many other magazines.

I hope that they don't get a copy of Southern Breeze for if they do, they will close you down for one of your writers to copy their works and claiming it theirs.

(ED)

\*\*\*\*\*

Editor:  
The Baby Grant:  
Rasharon, Texas.

Thanks for the compliment. Every bit helps!

(ED)

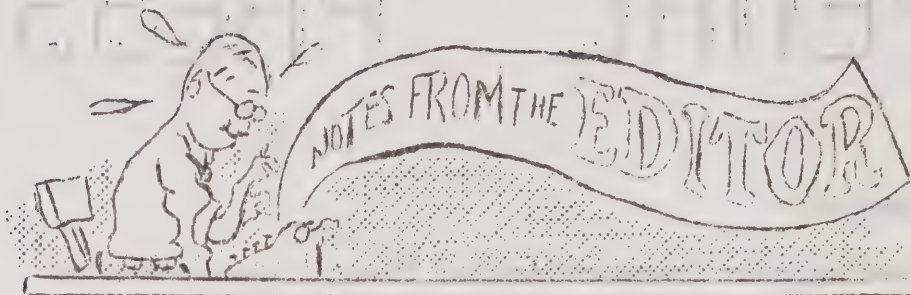
\*\*\*\*\*

Future:  
Tulsa Oklahoma

Good layout--thanks for the mention.

(ED)

\*\*\*\*\*



Getting out this Prison Publication is no picnic,

If I print jokes, people say I'm silly.

If I stick to close to the office, I ought to be out  
visiting in the population more...

If I go out, I ought to be in the office improving  
the paper.

If I reject some contributed material, I do not  
appreciate genius.

If I do, the paper is filled with trival matter.

If I edit the contributed articles, I'm too critical!

If I don't, I'm asleep!

If I give much news to the officials, the Inmates  
says I'm con-wise....

If I devote the entire issue to Inmates, I'm neglecting  
our policy on public relations.

If I carry material reporting other institutions, I'm  
neglecting our own.

If I comment on controversial issues, I should be objective.

If I don't, I'm dodging the issue.

If I reprint from other papers, I'm too lazy to  
solicit our own material....

If I don't, I'm stuck with our own horrible stuff.

Now, likely as not, someone will say I stole this from  
some other paper.....

WELL I DID!!!!!!



I AM RESPONSIBLE.....  
WHEN ANYONE, ANYWHERE,  
REACHES OUT FOR HELP, I WANT  
THE HAND OF A.A. ALWAYS TO BE THERE.  
AND FOR THAT: I AM RESPONSIBLE.

"JOYCEVILLE LIBERTY GROUP"

(I can only hope that someone finds a small and truthful message in this letter I wish to share with you.)

Dear Mom:

Well mom, here it is Christmas once more and the only gift I have to give will be the sorries I must offer you now for all the hurt I have caused you. For although I was the only boy in our family, it seems you always gave me more of your kindness and understanding. You always wanted me to become a good farmer, but I chose the wrong road because of my lack of will-power because drinking was my way of living it up. I could never understand why you asked me to stop. If only I knew then that what I had was a world-wide disease, the loss of the power to control my drinking.

You'll be proud of me now "Mom", because now I belong to A.A. A beautiful fellowship of men and women that share their strength with me, with each passing day.

Well Mom, I'll say so long for now, Sorry, I almost forgot, This beautiful fellowship I just told you about, asked if I'd give you this wonderful gift. Its what you always wanted mom, finally a Son..

If any of my friend here think that they have a drinking problem, please stop in to our A.A Fellowship each Wednesday night from 7:30 until 9:00 or come to our Saturday afternoon meeting from 1:30 until 3:00 P.M. We'll share our kindness and consideration with you, and help you come to understand the beauty of Sobriety. For our primary purpose is to stay sober and help other alcoholics to achieve sobriety.

A.A.Secretary: Mike Y.



# SPORTS by

## JACK HAGAN

On December 10, the finals between the Black Hawks and the Cyclons got underway. The game was hardchecking and fast with the Hawks leading all the way. The score was 2 to 1 at the end of the first. In the second, the Hawks went ahead to lead 4 to 2.

The Hawks won the first game 7 to 5. 9 penalties were handed out and the shots on goal were 41 for the Hawks and 46 for the Cyclons.

On December 13, the second game was held and it was fast, going back and forth, one team leading and then the other. Both teams were tied at 3 to 3 at the end of the first. The Cyclones took the lead 6 to 5 at the end of a hard fought second period. The third period was marred when a fight broke out and some of the players used their sticks. After things cooled down the Hawks came back to win the second game 11 to 10. 18 penalties were handed out with 5 being game mis-conducts and 2--5 minute majors. The shots on goal were 45 for the Hawks and 43 for the Cyclons. The Hawks are now leading the series 2 games to 0.

A meeting was held with the Commissioner and referees to discuss the stick swinging and it was decided to suspend 3 Black-Hawk players and 1 Cyclon player for the season for using their sticks and to suspend 1 Black-Hawk player and 2 Cyclon player for one game for fighting and leaving the bench to join the fight.

On December 14, the third game was held and the Cyclons having their backs to the wall and to do or die they went all out. The Hawks were leading 2 to 1 at the end of the first. The Cyclons then turned it on and took the lead 6 to 4 at the end of the second. The Cyclons led all the way in the third to win the game 11 to 8. 6 penalties were handed out and the shots on goal were 43 for the Cyclons and 35 for the Hawks. The series was now 2 for the Hawks and 1 for the Cyclons.

On December 16, the fourth game was held with the Cyclons showing their power and speed leading all the way. It was 4 to 1 at the end of the first. The Cyclons then jumped ahead to lead 8 to 3 at the end of the second. They won the game 11 to 6 and now had the series tied 2 games each. 5 penalties were handed out and the shots on goal were 39 for the Cyclons and 34 for the Hawks.

On December 20, the final game was held with a lot of good Goal keeping by both Golaies. The score was tied 2 all at the end of the first period. The Cyclons then started to turn it on in the second period to lead 4 to 3. The third was fast with a lot of action and hard-checking by both teams but there was no stopping the big "Red Machine." who won the game and the Championship 6 to 4. 10 penalties were handed out and the Cyclons out-shot the Hawks 56 to 33.

Joe Dubroy presented the "JOE DUBROY CUP" to the Cyclons.

To the winners, Congradulations and to the Losers an nice try and better luck next time.. ..

#### TEN TOP PLAYERS FINALS.

NAME	TEAM	GP	G	A	P	P.I.M.
CADDEAU	CYCLON	5	18	12	30	2
RUDD	CYCLON	5	15	13	28	1
O'CONNOR	HAWKS	5	21	6	27	7
POWER	CYCLON	5	5	8	13	8
BERNARD	HAWKS	5	9	1	10	1
WHITE	HAWKS	5	0	9	9	6
HENRY	HAWKS	5	1	4	5	6
JONES	CYCLON	3	1	2	3	2
PHILLIPS	CYCLON	4	0	3	3	2
IZZARD	HAWKS	4	0	3	3	11

\*\*\*\*\*

#### GOALIES

NAME	TEAM	SHOT*FOR	SHOT*AGAINST	P.I.M.	ADV.
BROWN	CYCLON	184	143	1	.175
GAGNON	HAWKS	164	200	0	.175

ASST. COMMISSIONER.

JACK HAGAN

# MAD WORLD

IT COULD ONLY HAPPEN TO A NEWFIE!!!!

John Clarke, of St. Johns, attempted to rob the bank of Nova Scotia--- He gave the teller, Joan McDonald, a note which read--" Stuff the Bag full, I've got a gun".

After he left the Bank, he was chased by a customer's Doberman Pincher Dog who bit his seat out of his pants as he was getting into his car.

He drove away only to run out of gas two blocks away from the Bank. In an attempt to escape, he jumped out of his car and fell into an open man-hole and broke his leg.....

To top it all off, when the police carried him away, they let him keep the bag..." It contained the teller's lunch!!!!!!

\*\*\*\*\*

Two men appeared before a Kingston Ontario court charged with "Auto-theft".

When asked by the Judge why they stole the car, this was the reply.

"We had a pass from prison and did not have a way to get back. If we arrived late, they would charge us with escape. We stole the car to get back to prison."

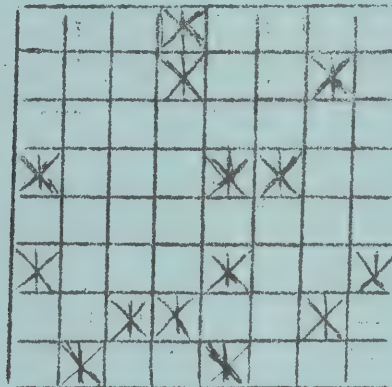
They each got 90 days added to their sentence!!!!

HOW WAS YOUR DAY???????????

MINI QUIZ

- (1) How many men on a 9-man football team?
- (2) The Smothers Brothers were a singing team, the Smith Brothers made cough drops. Who were Napoleon and Bonaparte?
- (3) In football we have a Fullback, a Halfback, and a Quarterback. What position does a Drawback play?
- (4) What animal is the emblem of The Detroit Tigers?
- (5) How many horsepower is required to pull a one-horse open sleigh?
- (6) What colour is a "Black Maria"?

\*\*\*\*\*



Please supply your own numbers and words...and return.

First prize is a vacation for two at the San Quentin Hilton!!!

\*\*\*\*\*



RECALL YOUR YOUTH!

Fill in each space containing a dot. (.) The resulting picture will surprise you!!!

"ANSWER TO DECEMBERS NUMBER PUZZLE"

ACROSS

1---6291  
5---592  
8---1966  
12---4353  
13---456  
14---1111  
15---8888  
16---32145678  
18---742  
19---52140  
20---222  
21---1891  
23---333  
25---4862992  
28---22331  
32---1945  
33---800  
35---1232  
36---33391  
38---2222222  
40---666  
42---0033

43---555  
46---13124  
48---222  
51---55556660  
53---2222  
54---5555  
55---432  
56---3333  
57---5555  
58---100  
59---2222

DOWN

1---6487  
2---2384  
3---95821643  
4---138  
5---5432198  
6---9521  
7---26143  
8---115  
9---9162  
10---6172  
11---6182  
17---4032  
19---599  
22---82596  
24---32123  
25---413  
26---893  
27---202  
29---32232232  
30---332  
31---122  
34---0202020  
37---1616  
39---204  
41---63641  
43---5555  
44---5555  
45---5555  
47---1630  
49---2232  
50---2232  
52---555  
53---232

There were two winners last issue---There were 169  
combinations to last month's puzzle. Ubove is only  
one correct answer!!!!

TIED FOR FIRST PLACE ( By submitting their answer at  
the same time)-----

HAUN-----BRAZEAU

RUNNER UP IN SECOND  
PLACE!

KELLEY-----LOWE





### NEW LOOK IN THE SCHOOL OFFICE.

The new Secretary in the school office is Jean Cadue. She is 19 years old, polite, courteous and a very concerned young lady. She hails from Gananoque, and is engaged to be married in the near future.

Her favourite pastime sport is (Figure Skating.)

Jean is not a newcomer to places like Joyceville. Since she was 11 years old, she has been visiting institutions with her father, John Cadue, teaching the men (Speech Courses from the Christopher Leadership) until his death three years ago.

Her duties not only include general secretary work, but also, filing and communication in Correspondence Courses for the population. In due time, she will have all the answers to your inquiries concerning your correspondence courses.

Her work load will be kind of heavy but it will allow her supervisor, Mr Dunitz, more time to spend with the students in school activities. With the school schedule and students at a high peak, she will be greatly appreciated.

We welcome you Jean to Joyceville and hope your friendly, courteous and warm feelings will always remain with us towards a better understanding and concern for all.

Good-luck in your new job and I'm sure the men here will give you all their co-operation.. All you need do is ask!

The following was an editorial appearing in the Toronto Star on Wednesday, January 5, 1977:

SOME GOOD NEWS: TRUST PAYS OFF

This past holiday season, 1,042 inmates of federal penitentiaries in Canada were given leave to visit their families. Alone, without guard or escort, they travelled by bus, plane and train to their home communities. All but eight, or more than 99 percent, returned on time. Of those eight, five have since returned to their cells.

This success rate shows why it is important to maintain the practice of allowing carefully selected prisoners to have leave, as part of society's effort to rehabilitate them. Giving the men responsibility encourages them to be responsible for their own actions.

True, not all are back yet. Seven of the eight are considered by prison authorities to be 'late' rather than escaped. In British Columbia, a young man in his early 20s, one of three from the province who failed to show up at the prison gates on time, telephoned the prison superintendent. The young man preferred not to say where he was but he wanted the authorities to know that he was on his way back.

'Just delayed,' he said. 'Not escaped.'

Penitentiary staffs tend to be high on caution and low on trust. As a result, each of the men given leave to go home for the holidays was carefully screened and considered unlikely to get into further trouble.

The choice was made on the basis of a close knowledge of the man rather than the nature of his crime. Among those who went and returned were murderers, armed robbers, rapists and swindlers.

It shows that society need not blindly fear men who have committed serious crimes. Most of the 1,042 could probably be released tomorrow without risk to the community. Some might need supervision, others might need some help finding a job, but most could do better at home than behind bars.

Not each and every one of them, but most. And, judging from the high return rate this Christmas and New Year's and for several previous holiday seasons, the penitentiary authorities can do a good job of predicting which of their inmates are likely to succeed. The leave program should be encouraged.

\*\*\*\*\*

Advance Editor's Note:

We trust that penitentiary authorities and parole board personnel will read and take appropriate action.....

# ZEN AND EZEN

James Nordheim

ZEN---The truth experienced and testified to by the individual as the basis of one's personality, after sincere and arduous search and training.

ZEN is an abbreviation of the Japanese word Zenna which is a transliteration of the Chinese Ch'an or Ch'anna. A process of concentration and absorption by which the mind is tranquilized and brought into one-pointedness. As a Mahayana Buddhist sect, Zen is a training through which one may be directed towards self-realization which Buddha himself experienced after sincere and arduous search and self-discipline.

There are six different types of Zen and three are Non-Buddhist, in the traditional sense of the term. Bopu Zen is practiced in the faith that it can improve one's physical and mental health. Gedo Zen is practiced to cultivate certain supranormal strength or power which comes with the practice of mind concentration. Shojo Zen is a practice which takes us from one state of mind (Delusion) to another (Enlightenment). Enlightenment is the final aim of E-Zen but the contra-distinction between the former and the latter lies in the view held by the latter that enlightenment is the necessary step in the evolution of human consciousness as an efficacious remedy or aversion to an otherwise inevitable extinction of the human species...

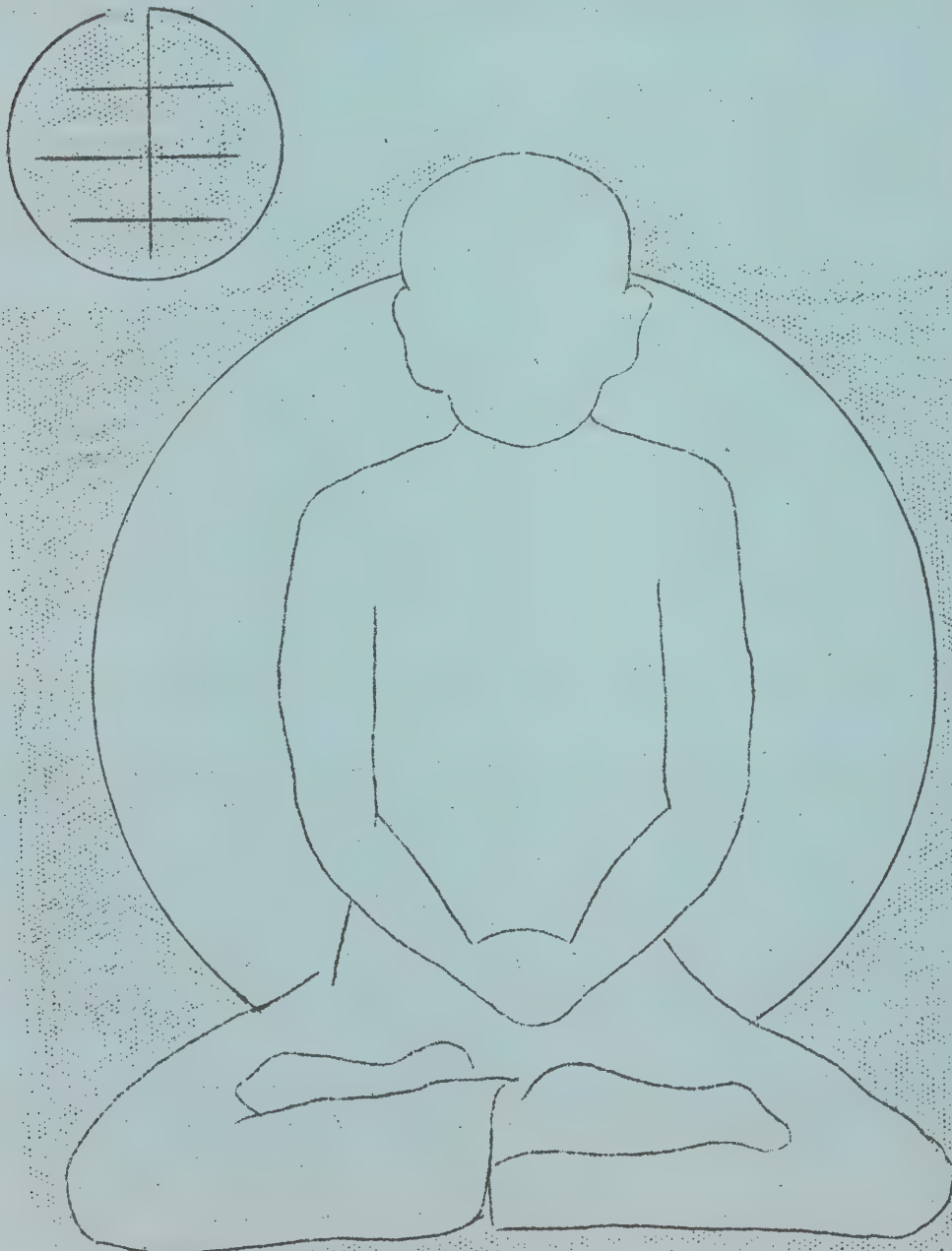
"The existential problem which imprisons man is rooted in the power of thought."

The power of thought enables us to formulate symbols or ideas of things apart from the things themselves. In our primary convention we postulate an idea of "ourselves" apart from ourselves. The split comes from the fatal confusion of fact with symbol, that is to say, we try to be both ourselves and the idea (Image) we have of ourselves. We mistake the "Self" (which we make an object of consciousness) for the true self. Because it (The Self) must be separated from us, as with other objects of consciousness, the result is a continuous division of being into the existential problems of relativity. We must constantly defend, maintain and bolster ourselves.

Hence, the idea or subjected feeling of a "Self" which has a mind and body is nothing but a social convention. There is no "Myself" apart from the mind-body which gives structure to our experience. The precious "Self" is nothing but an idea. The subjected feeling or illusion of "Self" occurs as a result of the rapidity of thought in much the same way that a movie film creates the illusion that the characters themselves are in "Motion" rather than the individual frames on the film...

Our aim, however, is not to eliminate or destroy the "Self", but, rather to see it for what it is so we can experience life without mediating it through conceptualized thinking. The "Self" is useful if seen for what it really is but fatal if confused with the real self. This realization will come to anyone who is willing to sincerely train; life otherwise will never cease to be problematic. The idea of the equator is useful but only as long as it is not confused as an actual physical mark around the earth.

The immediate aim of E-ZEN is to "Experience" this fundamental truth as an actual fact of one's existence. The training methods of EZEN serve as a vehicle which, once in motion, (Through faith and determination to be truly free) transports us from our perpetual state of illusion to self-realization and eventually enlightenment.....



### ANGELE COMES TO JOYCEVILLE.

A lovely lass, and native of Montreal named ANGELE, took the time and made her debut at Joyceville. It was a most entertaining feat.

Starting with her own crisp and breezy version of Stevie Wonder's --"You are the Sunshine of my life". Later, she eased the tempo into a deeply superb and stirring rendition of "Love Story". Her audience was most receptive, their depths she had invaded, captivated and romanced, for she has clearly perfected the art of smooth capricity so cleverly that a lack of electricity was never noticed.

Undoubtedly, her fingers stole many hearts as she delivered the beautiful "Granada" with such finesse, that a most thunderous ovation seemed inadequate as an expression of appreciation.

Angele is a girl of illustriousness. She's capable of forming intimate serendipity with an audience; she's sensual, and tantalizingly caresses one's imagination. Her depth is tremendous.

It was an honour to hear her in concert.

V.R.Neverson

## CONVICTS SOUGHT AS PLANT WORKERS

(THE HAMILTON SPECTATOR JAN, 19, 1977)

BRAMPTON: Stan Debicki doesn't look any different from other workers as he walks down a city road carrying his lunch each morning on his way to work as an assembler at DHI Ltd.

But Debicki, 19, is serving a 12 month sentence at the Brampton Adult Training Centre for robbing a variety store at knifepoint.

He is one of about 30 prisoners who work in Brampton industries by day and return to a dormitory called Re-entry House at night where they cook and do housekeeping and laundry for themselves.

In 10 months, the prisoners have earned a total of \$80,000 in wages and have paid the centre more than \$20,000 in room and board. They are charged \$5.00 a day. Assistant superintendent John Kennedy says about 50 city industries have asked to participate in the program but that the main problem at present is the lack of specially selected prisoners.

The centre is a correctional training institution for 120 men ages 16 to 24 convicted for the first time. Some prisoners never make it to the work program because of poor behavior or problems working their way up through various review boards. "One thing we won't tolerate is anyone going out and ruining our reputation by slacking off or giving the employer a hard time,"

Many centre officials say the prisoners in the work program are particularly sought after because they have worked hard to be given the opportunity to participate and work steadily and regularly.

On a recent tour of DHI Ltd, where prisoners get an average \$4.25 an hour for assembling windows, plant manager Fred Uller told a reporter how to pick out the workers who were prisoners.

"They're the ones who are working," he said.  
"The ones walking around are from manpower."

(Penitentiary Officials---Take note!!!) Ed.

# "A MAGICIAN'S ALTER EGO"

from the editors' scrapbook

While making a tour of nightclubs displaying my act, I acquired as an attraction, a Parrot that I trained to ridicule me on certain tricks which I displayed to the audience. Herman, (for that was the Parrot's name), would, on the completion of each trick, yell to the audience from his perch on my shoulders. "Yah! He's got it hidden up his sleeve, folks!!" ect..., depending on the trick performed. In this way he would reveal to the audience exactly how I accomplished each illusion.

The audience loved it, and, because the tricks that Herman first exposed were very simple ones, I really didn't care too much. I began to have difficulty with Herman later on. He learned my most treasured secrets, and when I performed a very complicated feat of magic Herman would ridicule me and expose me. Even though the audience applauded and laughed, I felt somehow that they were ridiculing me.

Finally, I decided to get rid of Herman and I told him as much. Well, you should have heard him carry on. I relented eventually, after many solemn promises on his part to behave and keep quiet. Herman kept his promise so well that I thought for a long time that he lost his voice altogether, and I became quite worried over his continued muteness. Often I would look up and catch him on the verge of uttering some ribaldry, but the very act of looking sent him back into his self-imposed total silence.

It was about two months later that I was drafted into the army, and before I could pull my vanishing act I was on my way overseas, bound for the war front. Herman was perched on my shoulders...also drafted.

It was a particularly hot night and everyone was below deck, the landing was scheduled for the following morning. To help relieve the tension, I decided to put on a show for the Boys. Herman chose this time to start ridiculing me again. The Boys loved it but I didn't.

"I saw him! I saw Him!" he screeched time after time and trick after trick. "He's got it hidden in his tunic." and so on.

"O.K.," I finally said to Herman, "O.K., let's see you expose this one? You've never seen it before and I defy you to explain how it's done."

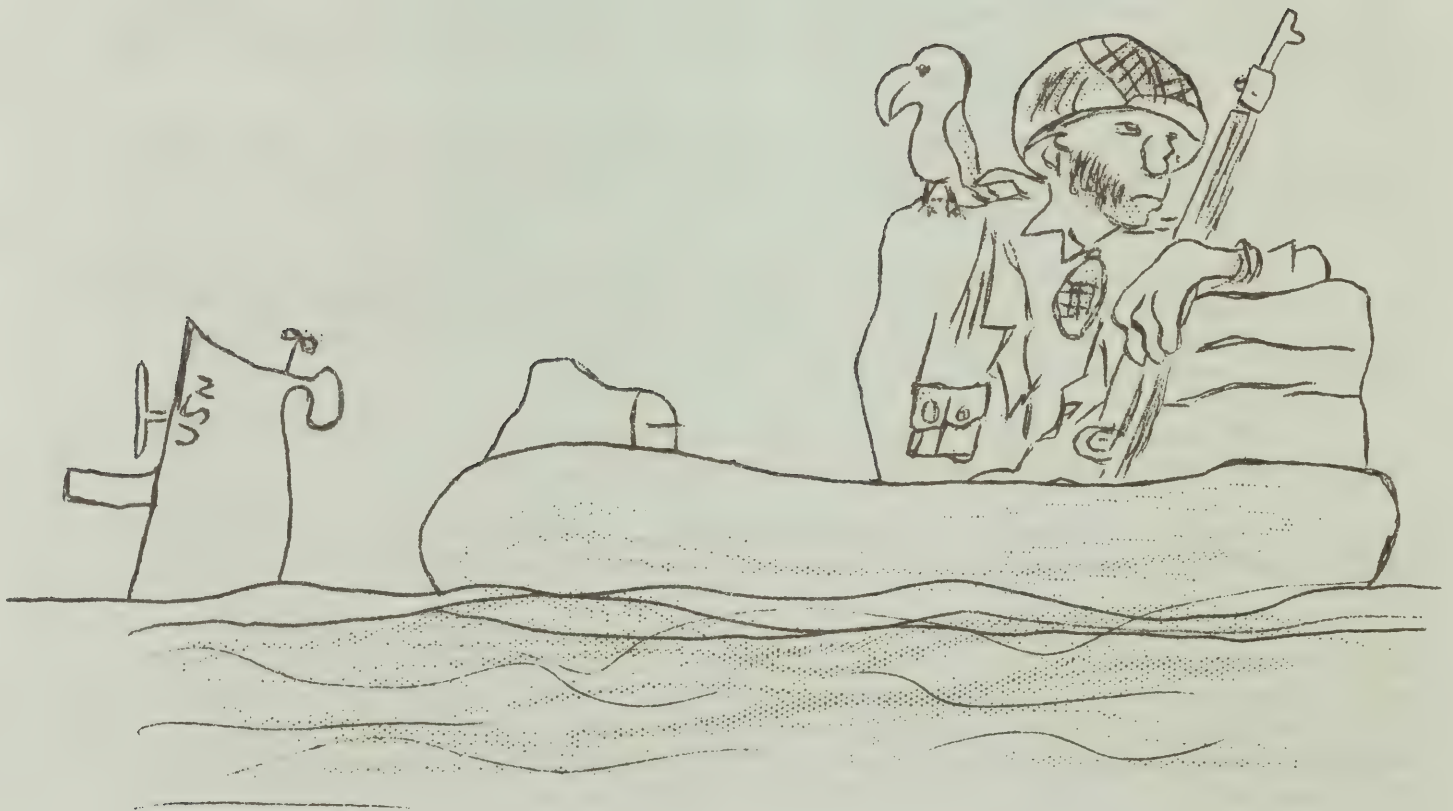
I began to gesturing and uttering secret abracadabra, in preparation for the trick. Just as I was about to display the results of my illusion to the men, a torpedo struck our ship. WHAM!!! The next thing I knew I was sitting in a life raft in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean with Herman sitting on my shoulders and glaring at me with contempt and fury. There was no one else in sight...just the two of us from horizon to horizon....

Herman had kept quiet for so long that I thought he had gone into another silent period, as he had before. We floated all that day and well into the next without saying a word.

Finally, just as night started to close in, Herman could contain himself no longer....

"Awright, Awright, wise guy," he blurted out, " I give up!!

What the Hell did you do with the Boat?"



"Faces around the  
Committee Office"



JOE  
"Legal Beagle"  
McDonald



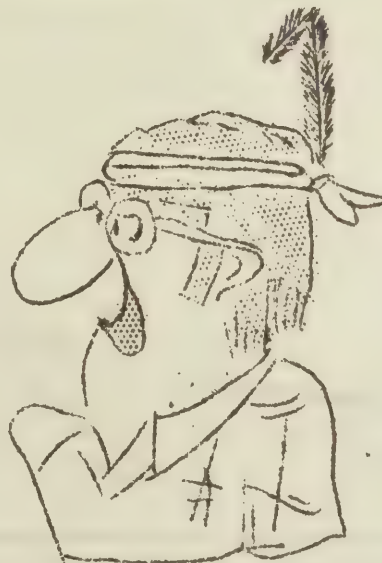
AUBREY  
"Knobs"  
Thomas



(Comm.Clerk)  
CHUCK  
"Miss A Key"  
Armstrong



JOE  
"Grab-em-All"  
Dubroy



AL  
"Run Around"  
Sinobert



AL  
"Karate Chop Chop"  
Templain

A black and white cartoon illustration. On the left, a woman with curly hair is seated at a desk, talking on a rotary telephone. She is holding the receiver to her ear. On the desk in front of her is a rotary phone base and a small rectangular object, possibly a book or a box. To her right, a man in a suit and a fedora-style hat stands with his back to the viewer, looking towards the woman. Above the man's head, the words "ADVANCE EDITOR" are written in a simple, hand-drawn font. In the bottom left corner, there is a small signature that reads "P N Z ©". A small star-like symbol is drawn on the floor near the man's feet.

There's a member from the  
Inmate Committee want's  
to see you!!

## "CHRISTMAS SPIRIT COMES TO JOYCEVILLE"

### FAMILY DAY CONCERT:

The Family Day Concert was presented on December, 18, at Joyceville in the Gymnasium and it turned out to be a rollicking fun filled show. With only a few hours practice a day, the musicians put on some surprisingly good music and songs.

Headlining the Family Day Concert were the "Bazarr's". A group from Toronto. This Rock and Roll group really gave out their best for the Inmates and their Guests.

There were quite a good turnout from the Inmate population to watch this colorful event and many of the Staff attended also. The majority of the population was quite pleased with the performance and it left Joyceville with the Christmas Spirit. To give you a better idea of the show.....

The Bazarr group, headed by "Gene Taylor" (Lead) came on strong and ended the same way. Taylor's witty jokes and songs kept the audience smiling throughout the show. Attractive, Gayle Moore Gordon, vocalist with the group, captivated the men with her beautiful voice and many songs. She was enjoyed by all.

Following Gayle, "Jeff Adams" came on stage with his "Midnight Owl", a very good vocalist. He kept the audience going the rest of the show. The other members of the Bazarr group, Verbal Gordon (Piano-Organ) did a very good job on the Ivory-keys. The beat got to the audience and they couldn't keep their feet still. Uli Bohnet (Bass Guitar) did an excellent job backing up this group, and of course, (Drummer-boy) Ron Grecco, a very colorful gent.

Rounding out the show, Lovely Chris Ackrey, did some fine dancing for the guys and their guests. Her movements really got to this writer (A'hem! its just that I appreciate good quality Fred Astair Dancing) but all in all, this young lady was fantastic, Especially when our own Aubrey Thomas went up on stage and did the "Bump" with her.

This group deserves a lot of credit, to come here and give their best so we could have a better Christmas. Everyone enjoyed them and we welcome them back anytime.....

After the curtain came down on the Bazarr group, supper was served for the Inmates and their Guests. This meal was prepared and served by many groups that come to Joyceville. The Way-Group, the United Church, the Salvation Army, and several groups from Ottawa, the Way Group who came from Ottawa and to our own Sister Sommers who co-ordinated all the groups that served, our many thanks for the food and the concern.

During supper, Bill Hutton gave out with some fine piano solo's. He was joined by Adrain Fontain Gagnon. Bill is not only a fine entertainer but also a writer, (Moon Prison). Adrain is by trade, (Artist-Painter of Murials.) Their works are known world-wide. Together, these two men performed well and were enjoyed by all. Both are active in Church activities at Joyceville.

After the meal, the inmates and guests were entertained by our own group The Country Squires. Headed by (Ralph Phillips) lead singer, Bob (Knuckles) Nicholson (Drums) Donnie Cruthers (Bass Guitar) and Bob LaPier (Lead Guitar). The Country Squires put on a good show, Phillip's songs (Rolling in My Sweet Baby's Arms) were old country favorites and vibrated throughout the Gym. Bob LaPier did a magnificent job picking the electric strings and giving the background for Bob and the rest of the group, that made it and Country-Western music more appreciated. These guys could go a long way and be accepted in any place of entertainment world.....

Following the Country Squires, another group, The Rainbows, with Robbie Kéays, (Lead Guitar) with his version of Cat Stevens--Where do the children play--with his raspy voice did a wonderful job.. Simon McLain (Bass) and John Burns (Mouth-organ) gave out with country style jibes. Robbie (another talented performer) not only did a good job of singing, but was very instrumental in co-ordinating with Ron VanBree, all the music and helping with the program. Well done Robbie---you deserve a star rating-----

Santa Claus (Doc Lortie) made his appearance after the Rainbows giving out his HO!HO!HO! throughout the audience, kissing the children, (And Ladies) giving candy to the audience and stealing (Pun) the show with his colorful, courteous and most welcomed Christmas Spirit. His appearance generated the true spirit of Christmas. Thank you Santa Claus.....

Ray Massey and John Burns did a splended job of Folk and Country songs. With Massey's tenor voice, he held the audience spellbound with his rendition of "Running-Dry"(by Neil Young.) If Ray keeps this type of singing up, there will be great rewards for him when he is back in the free world...( Good Luck Ray...you and John did a good job.....

Finishing the entertainment, one of our guests, (Pete Miron's brother-in-law Jerry LaCasse came up on stage and played the fiddle. We appreciate Jerry joining us for our Christmas Family Day Concert.....

The Best part of the Family Day came towards the end of the Day when the Inmates and Guests all joined in singing Christmas songs and dancing, to the (Tape) music of Freddie Fender...

For those two hours or so, the audience enjoyed this socializing as it brought Husband and Wife, Girlfriend and Boyfriend, Mother and Son closer together in the Christmas Spirit.

A lot of people were involved in this Family Day. Skip Hewston, creator of the Family Day Care Center, and his crew, Tom Pilling, Bill Anderson, Mike Hannah, Ted Barnette and Bob Witherspoon who kept the Children occupied with games and candy so their families could spend a little time with each other... The Inmate Committee, Aubrey Thomas, Al Templain, Joe Dubroy, Joe McDonald and Al Sinobert for their time and effort in making this a wonderful event, and happy holiday... A special thanks to "Wendy Talfourd Jones" the organizer Secretary from the Bazarr Group and their time and concern for all of us at Joyceville, to Kirk Hawks and Carmen Smith, the sound technicians who did a wonderful job in seeing that every tone of song and music transformed throughout the audience.. To Barry Williams and Diane Mackridge from MacDonald Bus for seeing that transportation was given for our friends (The Bazarr) To all the stage hands, and a special thanks to Ernie Bugler and Al Theisen for the good job of decorating the stage, the Gym Crew, the L.U. Officers, The Recreation staff and the Officials that made the Family Day Possible. You can be proud of your work and rest assured, You Brought the Christmas Spirit to Joyceville.

Many Many Thanks!!!!

Dr. Thurston took photographs on Monday, Tuesday, Friday and the following Tuesday, purposefully staggered so that the sample wouldn't be biased by sequence. He also picked a number at random: 98 capsules. He had an assistant walk at random amongst the rows and put numbers from 1 to 98 on the time capsules to be repeatedly photographed re the contents on these four successive occasions. The pictures were taken and beamed to a colleague at Stanford on Earth for study and collimation by a computer which would assess each one of the 98 by 4 Chi-squares to determine whether his hypothesis on movements within the capsules was correct.

The report came back quickly: Negative.

Dr. Thurston was baffled. He trusted his senses too much to write off his intuition, but the machinery had done its very expert best and nothing was proven. He checked over his procedures, and then began to laugh. The echoes in the great hall sounded horrible. One of his assistants came running over.

"Are you all right, Dr. Thurston?" he asked.

"Yes, I'm fine!" Dr. Thurston said, his eyes on one of the serene countenances, a strange smile on his face.

Damn! How could he be so stupid? Then he excused himself, and moved off, puffing away on his pipe, leaving a somewhat confused assistant with orders to "Wipe all those silly numbers off those capsules, Henry! We're so orderly in our random procedures that even the ants could predict our movements!"

What a presumption! Presuming that the bodies were not active, meanwhile testing an hypothesis that they were! If they were active, they were aware of all his arrangements. If they didn't want to be detected, they naturally wouldn't move at all during the week's duration of the experiment! If they weren't active, there would be no movement, as the machines had confirmed. In any case, he had no data. The design of his research was wrong. He had to design some method which would be truly random so that if the bodies were aware and moving he couldn't miss it, and if they weren't the machine work of the first design would amplify the certitude of his findings in the second experiment. He decided to take a Null Hypothesis, opposite to what he felt about it: That the bodies were not moving! This was more scientific. If the hypothesis was disproven at the 5% level of probability it would be significant evidence that the Null Hypothesis wasn't the correct orientation on observations.

Dr. Thurston got five photographic dollies and had a different man managing each one. He put them in different parts of the huge chamber and asked each one to do the same thing: "Photograph all the capsules in any order you choose!" Since they had motorized dollies they could each cover the chamber in a day. Then he changed them around and had each of them do it again the next day. And the next. He now had 15 overlapping surveys. Truly random. Each capsules photographed 5 different times each day. The inhabitants couldn't know when a photograph would be taken because the photographer didn't specifically know either.

He got results. The computers disclosed very definite shifts in posture in at least 500 different instances. No human eye could have collimated the pictures and matched them with 15 pictures of each capsule. He laughed when he considered how worriedly he had numbered 98 capsules and made sure his early pictures had been assigned properly to each one as taken. The "eye" of the computer could measure the differences which exist in every manufactured object: He had forgotten the fact he had learned once upon a time about every screw nail out of a press being pronounced unique by an electronic scanner. So it was with the time capsules. Each one was uniquely different from each other capsule even though no human being could ever measure it. The Boss Computer did it easily. Handling 10 billion bits per real second the Boss Computer did the collations of the merely 30 million plus photographs in less than 5 seconds. Preparation for this feat took several hours of course.

What did the results mean? Dr. Thurston jubilantly wrote down on a pad: THE MARTIANS ARE TELEPATHIC, THEY TELEPORT, THEY'RE NOT DEAD AND WE AREN'T EVEN SEEING THEIR BODIES!

Dr. Altamore was baffled by the last remark.

"What do you mean we're not seeing their bodies?"

Dr. Thurston knocked out his pipe against a capsule and handed Dr. Altamore a pair of red-tinted glasses.

"Look!" he directed.

Dr. Altamore looked at "the figure" in the time capsule through the glasses a long time. His face was ashen when he took them off.

"But that's crazy!" he said in a stunned voice, "They don't look like they're moving at all and when I put on these glasses what I see is a live plasma changing aspect thousands of times a minute!"

"Perhaps millions of times a second, in fact!" Dr. Thurston interjected.

When the reporters interviewed him on TV before an aghast earth audience (plus our friends Harry and Tom in Moon Prison Common Room) Dr. Thurston remarked, "These capsules act like condensers. They are really transmitters or way stations between one point in hyperspace and the next point! People by the millions are travelling back and forth across the universe every day and we just happened to find one of "the subway stations" so to speak! What we see is a combined image, a summary of events of transit as it were, like the Cloud Chamber used to track atomic particles. The actual people using this time channel are people of every sort of color and size. What we see is what we think is reasonable truth. In actuality the pictures we took, after development from electronic configurations into images, disclose that our image is only one of the possible human images and the homogenetic effect is our habit of seeing people like ourselves. Time does not let us see what we are not yet prepared to see!"

Harry said, "What does all that bull mean anyway?"

Sun Lee had a wry look on his face and tried to explain, "I'm Chinese, right? Tom is Caucasian and Ron is Negro, right? O.K. So you accept us because we're not so different from you as humans, right? What Dr. Thurston is saying is that that's all we can imagine in terms of human beings because we've never experienced other sorts!"

"You mean these other people are people we'd probably call monsters?" asked Harry, with a quaver in his voice.

Tom laughed. "Yes! We'd even probably call them dogs and monkeys if we found a few of their bones on the surface of a planet!"

"God damn!" Harry tried to sound hard-boiled, "God damn! You mean our dogs and monkeys are human beings somewhere else?"

Sun Lee had a thoughtful look on his face. "Well, that may sum it up pretty good! Except I have the odd feeling that something has happened to the dogs and monkeys on earth that may not be true of the dogs and monkeys elsewhere!"

"What's that?" Tom asked, staring owlishly at the half-way mark meniscus of his Tom Collins.

"Dogs and monkeys on earth have become brutalized by their experiences there and we don't think of them as equals to us in intelligence!"

"Equals!" Harry scoffed, "That's a good one! Equals! I'll be damned if I'd asked a monkey or a dog over to listen to Bach!"

Sun Lee observed drily, "You wouldn't even ask a Chinese laundry man to do that! Still, working on this analogy, I doubt if he'd ask you over for a New Year's party either!"

"What are you getting at?" Harry asked, a peeved look on his face.

Sun Lee said, "Well, let's look at it that dogs and monkeys elsewhere are bipeds like us and do mathematics and music and have cocktails after dinner!"

"Ridiculous!" Harry remarked, "I like dogs and monkeys just like the next

guy, but that's silly!"

Tomm pointed at the TV pictures coming through from Mars. Some paleontologist was exhibiting "the dog and monkey" bones gathered from the pits on the surface. "We're happy to report," he said, beaming in his best professional manner, "That what were at first taken to be dog and monkey bones have since been confirmed to be a definitely different order unknown to science!"

"A different order!" Harry bawled at the image on the screen which continued to smile away as it delivered the shattering news: "A different order of life, similar in some ways to homosapiens and in some ways to other families of mammals, but definitely not either!" it finished rather lamely.

"Are these people bonkers?" Harry howled, "It can't be a different order! Maybe a sub-species of the hominid family, but not a new order! That's just like saying you discovered Reptiles for the first time, or Mammals!"

"True!" Tomm remarked, "But that's what the man said! No order we know of can contain the findings!"

Sum Lee summed it all up nicely, "It's nice to know that earth isn't perfect in all its knowledges!"

Harry gave him a beady look and then laughed, "You Chinese got a few clues!" he said. He went off to make himself a sandwich.

"God!" said Tomm in mock disbelief, "What's got into Harry? Tossing around compliments!"

#### IV

The radiation was welling up from the central core of Mars. Seismological surveys disclosed a molten core which was becoming more radioactive by the hour.

"Is it going to explode?" was the natural question everyone was asking.

"Why?" was the indignant scientific response. "The earth has a radioactive core too and it hasn't exploded yet!"

"But what controls are there on the radioactive growth?" was the next question.

"The same as on earth," was the reply. "Silicon absorbs radioactivity! The crust of Mars has a majority of Silicon even as the earth's has!"

"Then what will be the result of the radioactive radiations?"

"Martian greenery!" was the pleased answer.

Harold puffed away on his pipe, enjoying the science fiction reality of the historical events. He was lecturing Tomm on possibles:

"You see? Them guys don't even know how atmosphere is established! First the radiation from the core makes the plants grow again and then the plants make oxygen which forms the atmosphere! Then the hydrogen of space combines with the oxygen and it rains on Mars!"

Tomm laughed. "It's been pretty dry there! I understand it hadn't rained for several million years!"

Harry look at him in disgust.

"O.K. wise guy! What do you think the score is then?"

Tomm waved gaily, "No, Harry! I agree with you! It just seems odd that things should start up again just because we opened that underground chamber!"

Harry pondered that for a few moments.

He used his pipe stem as a pointer as he directed Tomm to look at a planter over by the window full of geraniums in bloom. "You see them? I planted them last fall from slips I got from the library. They grow like crazy because there's ultraviolet rays from the lights. But it's a new one to me that the soil itself has to have radioactive energies too! Of course, gardeners do talk about "dead earth" in their gardens and that's why they put phosphates in this ground I guess! It radiates energy!"

Tomm asked, "What do you think happened on Mars then?"

Harry said, "Same thing that's happened in the desert areas of earth I

reckon! The connection between the core radiators and the surface has been broken! The core shrank !"

"Why?"

"Could be the Martians were using it for energy to manufacture things!"

"Like atomic bombs?"

"Very likely! Only it's gamma energy and increases the power of atoms in any substance!"

"But there's 60 gammas from the sun!"

"There's 30 gammas on the moon here too, but there's no plants! No, I think the gamma energies straight are too much. They need to be filtered through minerals!"

"Then the moon must be able to support plant life too if the core could be reactivated! What I can't exactly see is how the core becomes deactivated!"

Sum Lee was listening intently.

"But as Harry said, the Martians were using energy the plants needed, the plants began to die, the oxygen in the atmosphere became less and finally the atmospheric envelope imploded!"

"Why didn't it explode?" Tomm asked, "After all, outer space has less density!"

Sum Lee said, "Less density but greater volume and hence more weight as space, even if the count of detectable particles per cubic volume is less! The reason why the envelope doesn't fly off into space in the first place!"

Harry smiled at Sum Lee, "You're a pretty smart Chinaman!" he said, "I never thought about that! Of course the envelope couldn't possibly be held to the surface if outer space didn't hold it there! It's a matter of the planet producing oxygen gasses to press out the space envelope in the first place!"

Sum Lee said, "Right! Space is the envelope we produce a bubble of oxygen living gas in !"

"Then you think Mars will live again?" Harry asked.

"Certainly!" remarked Sum Lee, "If we can only find the Martians!"

Harry was dumb-founded. "But we've found them! Those time capsules..."

"Don't contain Martians..." Tomm finished, "According to Dr. Thurston they are merely analogs due to traffic patterns in sub-space!"

Sum Lee said, "I thought it was hyper-space ?"

Tomm remarked, "I wonder if these are just words which signify dimensions of space above and below ours! Let's say there are 5 dimensions and we are the middle one with two "above" and two "below" us!"

Harry slammed his chair down. "Now that's interesting! 5 ! The pentagram of the Middle Ages sorcerers and magicians!"

"Yes," said Tomm, "5 edges of space, whatever that refers to! Most of the time we don't think space is anything but holes!"

Sum Lee drew a diagram: "Five equilateral triangles! Which one is our dimensional sector of space?"

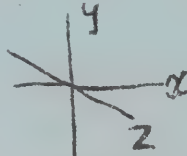


Tomm was thoughtful:  
ally! In two dimensions like  
In fact, I guess it's in 4

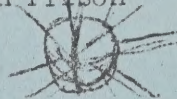
"5 dimensions!" Harry said,

"Yes, 5 dimensions!" Tomm said, "That's even worse!"

"No! I think it's better!" said Sum Lee. "We usually draw:  
in solid geometry for 3 dimensions. Each dimension has 2 ends. We  
go in 6 different directions from the central point, orthogonally!  
I think that's our problem! We think too squarely to see more than 3 dimensions  
easily! Everything we make is in 3 dimensions! Only artists do things in more  
dimensions and we find them ugly!"



Sum Lee drew. "Well we can always draw as many dimensions as we like



through a central point, as we do with a sphere!"

Tomm said, "True! But how do you show planes in more than 3 dimensions? We're talking about at least 5 different planes of existence related to one another topologically! The figure of the sphere only allows 3 orthogonalities too! We need at least 5!"

"Topology!" said Harry, grabbing the term, "Yes! Those people show you how to turn an orange into a doughnut don't they? I can never figure out how they do it though!"

"It's what Chinese magicians used to do too!" Sum Lee remarked.

"Really?" said Harry, looking at Sum Lee respectfully. "Well now! We need the Chinese to figure this one out I guess!"

Sum Lee laughed. "Yes, if only I was a magician I wouldn't be in prison..."

"You and me both!" Harry concluded.

Chow was ready. They went to put on the feedbag, the Big Question on How to Do It in reserve for the moment.

## V

Krim was happy-going. His homeostatic balance was flowing nicely again. Fast becoming a heteroflux. As it was before everything had settled down to steady state symmetries. The asymmetrical travelling balance of the flux was more pleasant. It was due to contact with new differences. The field isolation was broken. Plasma energy input from strange sources and unknown natures were reactivating his life interest plants. He had remotivation surges becoming more sensible to him by the hour. Millenias of sleepwalk and dreamland were emerging-growing into reality levels of contact and actualization of existence forces once again. It was a spiritual rebirth. An incantation renewal of the life spell. The spell of eternal death was broken by the coming of the new gods. Strange gods. He smiled in happy-knowing when he realized they had come in need of his sort of differences even as he needed their sort of differences also. This was equality of necessity to begin on. A good beginning. A new regeneration of his existence locus, even as The Old Books said it had occurred before. He had always believed it as reasonable, but he had had no idea of its reality. Krim was a priest experiencing Reality Providence in the basic terms we never see until he is close to zero. Some people call it god. Krim called it The Happy Truth Coming. The grace of Reality itself. He had no fear of Reality. Only fear of his ignorance of it. The reason why his people had gone into The Long Sleep was due to ignorance of the truth necessities for continued life in their existence.

Krim became slowly aware of a supporting surface. This was somewhat alarming since flotation was the usual sense. His eyes wouldn't work yet and he heard nothing. The sense of touch came through as the berthing of a space liner. Solid unyielding touchplace. He couldn't move yet. But he knew he would.

The new pictures swam through his growing consciousness. He saw one man smoking a pipe down in The Way Station. He saw him doing motions with vehicles that seemed to be taking pictures of The Transitions as they were called by his people. The god pictures that never changed. His people worshipped them. He was a priest in this chamber all his life and his lifetimes before that. The Pictures talked sometimes. He and his people had been trying to figure out The God Language for many thousands, even millions of years. No one knew who had put The Way Station there. It just was, as far back as his people counted.

## VI

Dr. Altamore made the discovery which led to finding the "Martians proper," so-called to distinguish them from the "time-capsule Martians" who weren't Martians at all. Until he made the discovery, Dr. Thurston's "explanations" were regarded as scientific lunacy.

The 3 by 5 miles underground chamber interested Dr. Altamore because of the

pinkish glow in the ceiling. A regular fluorescence which seemed to impregnate the close-fitting blocks. The blocks seemed to be very huge. He stopped at the further end of the chamber on the East to study the blocks of the wall which also exuded this pinkish glow. He was baffled by its nature. He tried light meters, geiger counters, spectroscopic analysis, but still all he could come up with was that it was light in roughly the 4500 Angstrom range. He thought of the doorway they had entered the chamber through in the first place and wondered if the wall was penetrable. If indeed it was a wall at all to the knowing. Perhaps it was simply a light curtain? The idea was attractive, but the hard feel of the blocks assured him that it wasn't a curtain in any sense he knew of. Still, just because he was familiar with soft curtains was no reason to suppose a hard curtain wasn't possible. He looked for interstices in the blocks and found none. The scientific party had presumed there must be interstices. It was unbelievable that anyone could build a wall 3 miles long or 5 miles long in one solid piece. But as he walked along the length he couldn't find any signs of joining, no parts.

That was a jolt in the next confab with his colleagues.

Dr. Patterson was an engineer. He scoffed: "Can't be done! It must be welded or fitted in some way so we can't see the parts!"

Dr. Altamore tried X-ray photography. No seams.

Dr. Patterson got rattled. "But this is preposterous!" he fumed. "There's no machinery known or unknown that could lift a wall 5 miles long into place!"

Dr. Altamore threw out what to him was an equally-preposterous notion, "What about a field generator making the wall in situ?" he asked.

Dr. Patterson blinked. "A field generator? It would still be in place! We haven't found any!"

"Could it be like those photo-electronic devices which open doors?" he persisted. "Perhaps at only one end..."

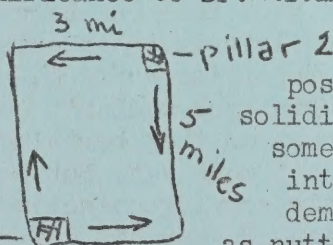
"God!" said Dr. Patterson, "How in hell do I get into these hairy discussions? I'm an engineer, not a magician!"

Dr. Altamore thought about it as he made his way towards the Southeast corner of the chamber. There he discovered something no one else had noticed. A pillar. A common thing to find in architecture, so why should anyone be surprised to see it jutting out from the corner? A pillar that didn't glow. This had great significance to Dr. Altamore. Upon further exploration of the chamber he found:

He diagrammed the controlled the would there be if generators were "disappear"?

He felt

over with the electronics supervisors.



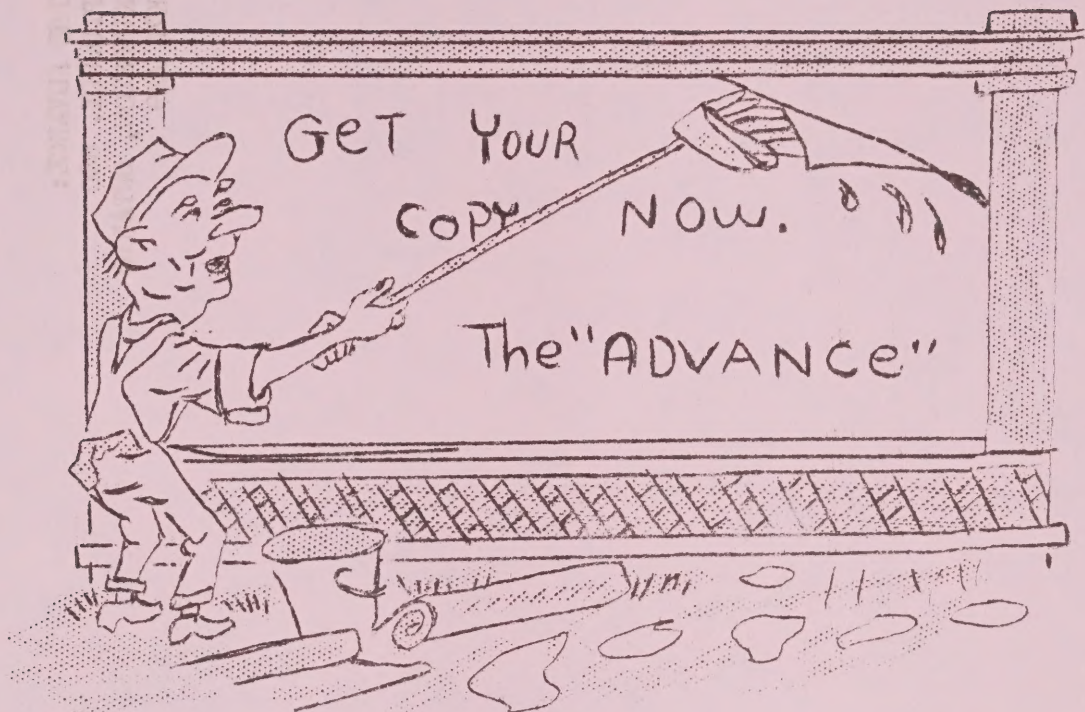
possible theory that the two pillars solidity of the wall curtains. Question: What somehow or other the hypothetical field interrupted electronically? Would the walls dematerialize? What was "beyond" them? as nutty as a fruitcake but he went to talk it

He got a favorable reception. To an electronicist it was a fascinating idea. A really necessary idea, since they were stumped for further territory to explore. There was only the chamber and the wild theories of Dr. Thurston as to what they contained.

"Nothing's crazy on this project!" the electronics chief said, "I think we can expect a complete education in all sorts of things beyond anything any of our doctors of science know! This civilization is tremendously advanced compared to ours!"

This last statement would make good news copy but Dr. Altamore advised against it. "It's just a wild guess!" he advised, "We'd be the laughing stock of the whole earth if we said it and had nothing to show to prove it! Not to mention quite a lot of angry doctors we need to help us rather than to drop us as a bunch of nuts expressing unscientific hypotheses!"

TO BE CONTINUED



The Advance is not for sale. If you would like to receive the Advance, write to the Editor so your name can be added to the mailing list. The Advance would appreciate very much a donation to help in the cost of mailing the Advance to our outside friends.

Send all enquiries and donations to:

The Editor:  
Advance.  
P.O.Box 880  
Kingston, Ontario  
K7L 4X9

FROM: THE ADVANCE:  
P.O. BOX. 880  
KINGSTON, ONTARIO  
K7L 4X9

TO: LIBRARIAN - "Sheppard"

Centre of Criminology

Room 8054 - Roberts Res. Lib.

130. St. George St

TORONTO, ONT M5S 1A5

